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GIVE UNTO ME.

BY M. P.

Give me thy love, that full, deep, earnest love;
Give me thy love—its truest, tenderest, best.;
Let its warm wings brood o'er me as the dove
Broods o'er the helpless young within her nest;
Oh! I would lay me softly in that heart,
Forgetting life and all its bitter woes,
Forgetting death can ever bid us part,
And in thy love's rapt night find sweet repose.
I hate the day, its glare, its busy hum;
Its countless faces meaningless to me;
Its surface talk, that floats like idle scum
Above the deeper channel of life's sea;
All, all I hate—Life, Death, Day, Night—each hour—
That brings not thee to me in all love's first, fond power.

LOVER AND LORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ANGEL UNAWARES" "A SHOCKING SCANDAL," "SOWING AND REAPING," "PEGGY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

MISS SINGLETON bestowed upon her mother a glance of warmest approval. How admirably she had managed her very difficult task!

To have denied all engagement between Lord de Gretton and his cousin, when at any moment the story might reach Nora's ears, when indeed there was no knowing how much Lady Olivia herself might tell would have been dangerous in the extreme; to tell just half the truth, and fling the story back into a period almost antecedent to Nora's birth—this was grand mendacity indeed in Cristine's opinion; and so a little later she told her much-gratified parent.

"I did not think you could do anything so delicately dextrous, dear mother," she said when, Nora being safe in Lord de Gretton's company, the two women discussed their plans and arranged their dinner dresses in Mrs. Bruce's room.

"I really trembled when you began to speak."

Mrs. Bruce settled the rose point on her black velvet shoulders and answered with conscious dignity—

"You might have known I should not blunder in such a delicate matter—where there was so much at stake too. I have some tact, Cristine."

"Well, so it seems," Cristine agreed, with her never-failing laugh and a stare of candid wonder.

"That is what amazes and delights me; because, truth to tell, I never thought you much of a diplomatist before.

"Now don't be offended—because, you see I have cried *mea culpa*, and owned myself mistaken already, and I can do no more. How do I look to-night?"

Mrs. Bruce's brow, which had frowned majestically a moment back, cleared at this appeal, and her lips smiled benignly.

Miss Singleton was looking her prettiest to-night, and knew it.

The crushed "strawberry" dress she wore gave the glow of color that her pale moonlight beauty usually lacked; her light hair was puffed and crinkled all over; her small head glittered and sparkled like spun glass with every movement; a touch of art had darkened the faint brows and lashes and made the large colorless eyes weirdly brilliant.

"My dear, you are beautiful!" Mrs Bruce cried, with genuine impulsive admiration that ended in a regretful sigh.

"It is you that should be the peeress, not that poor spiritless Nora, who is as like as not to fret herself into her grave before she has worn her coronet a year."

Cristine drew up her slender figure and regarded her own reflection in the glass with civilly sparkling eyes.

"Yet he had eyes, and chose her!" she quoted between her little glistening teeth. "I should have done him more credit. The world would never have said of me—as it will of her—that I pined away 'neath the burden of an honor unto which I was not born.'"

"Ah, well"—Mrs. Bruce paused, powder-puff in hand, stung by a latent sense of justice into protesting speech—"that is hardly fair to Nora, you know!

"She is as high-spirited a girl as any in England, and, if she were heart-whole and fancy free, would make as good a Countess. It is not Lord de Gretton's rank, but the memory of Arthur Beaupre that haunts and daunts her."

Cristine's fair face hardened and darkened with an indefinably cruel look.

"The more fool she!" she said sternly. "She should tread down all memories and all loves, as I would in her place."

"Ah, that is easy enough to say!" Mrs. Bruce answered, with a prodigious sigh and a semi-sentimental look. "But you never were in love, Cristine."

Cristine looked at her mother for a second or so with an odd bewildered sort of stare; then suddenly the absurdity of the stout prosperous-looking matron posing as the exponent of romantic passion seemed to strike her.

With a shrill hysteric cry she sank upon the nearest couch, and laughed till she could laugh no more, till the tears ran down her cheeks, and Mrs. Bruce forgot to be offended, in her real alarm.

"Cristine, for Heaven's sake compose yourself!" she cried, shaking the slender shoulder in her agitation.

"Are you mad, child, or what ails you?"

"Nothing," Cristine said recovering her calmness.

"You looked so supremely absurd—that was all."

Mrs. Bruce appeared uneasily dignified but dared say no more—soon another outburst would drive her or her daughter crazy—if indeed Cristine were not a little touched already.

The doubt expressed itself so plainly in her face that Miss Singleton had much ado not to laugh again.

"Please do not," she cried, with a gesture of mock entreaty.

"Another such joke would be my death. Come, it is time we went to Nora's relief. I wonder what she and Lord de Gretton find to talk about in these *tete-a-tetes*! She cannot bewail her dead lover to him, and I am not sure that she can think or speak on any other subject."

But Mrs. Bruce was too deeply offended to enter into her daughter's inquisitive speculations.

"I shall go," she said, drawing her velvet skirt majestically round her; "but you—I think you will see that your toilette is a little disarranged by your late strange—I had almost said unseemly—outburst."

Mrs. Bruce's exit was at least as mirth-provoking as anything that had occurred in the course of the interview; but it won no laughter from Cristine.

As the door swung to behind her mother the girl's fair head fell forward on her hands and a fierce moaning cry rang drearily through the room.

"How well I act!" she cried, with a sort of savage pride.

"How little they guess that Nora Bruce hurt more than my pride when she stole Arthur Beaupre from me—that I hate her with a deeper hate than ever wounded vanity could teach me! And yet"—she clasped her hands and laughed a strange unnatural laugh—"what an excellent Christian I am growing!

"This marriage, which lifts her over all our heads and should be a perpetual blister to my pride—I would give my life itself rather than let it be broken off."

A step in the corridor disturbed her, and in another minute she stood before the mirror brushing out the soft fleecy curls that clustered so gracefully round her white temples and small shell-like ears, humming a gay little tune for the edification of casual passers-by.

Meantime the interview between Lord de Gretton and his fair betrothed had been a much less oppressive affair than she supposed or than poor Nora usually found it. Lord de Gretton, though sufficiently brilliant when he chose to exert himself, preferred, in a general way, the pleasure of being entertained to the labor of entertaining; and Nora was guiltily conscious that she fell lamentably short of his expectations in this respect.

Not wilfully; apart from the love that was not hers to give, she was honestly anxious to fulfil all duties imposed on her by the betrothal bond, and tried with a pitiful earnestness to ascertain what subjects interested him, and to educate herself in them.

It was up-hill work as she pursued it, though the task would have been simplicity itself to an ordinary guileless nature. Lord de Gretton, who was tired of most things and took special interest in none, required only to be amused and flattered in equal proportions.

But this Nora did not guess, and, even had it been made plain to her, she was too heart-sick to amuse and too proud to flatter, so things would have been much as they were.

To-night however she was spared all trouble in the matter; she had only to mention Lady Olivia Blake's visit and his attention was at once enchained.

He stood with his back to the fireplace, thoughtfully twisting his long gray moustache and looking down with a curiously cruel smile at the slender white-robed figure in the low lounging-chair.

"So!

"I hardly expected that of Lady Olivia," he said, after a little pause; and, had Nora been one shade less apathetic, she must have noted the strange triumph of his tone, must have seen the quick lightning of the sunken eyes, the quick flush of the usually impassive face.

Lord de Gretton looked like a man who by a sudden spell had subdued some savage creature and brought it tamely to his feet.

But Nora did not raise the dark head that drooped so listlessly; the gray eyes rested in a dreamy stare upon the gold-handled peacock's-feather fan, but saw nothing of its iridescent splendor.

Lord de Gretton was speaking.

For the moment her thoughts were free; and, with mechanical impulse, they took their accustomed journey to the African donga where, beneath the scorching sky, her lover's bones lay bleaching.

"Well, do you like her?"

Lord de Gretton's voice roused her as the whip stirs the sleeping slave; in a second she was back at her duty.

"Lady Olivia? Yes, she was kind and friendly, and she is very handsome."

"As to that there is no doubt," he said, with a little sneering laugh, and yet with very evident sincerity.

"She is handsome as—as Lucifer; but, as to 'kind and friendly,' I would as soon trust a tigress as Olivia Blake. You poor little lamb, I half believe she came prepared to eat you!"

"Why?" Nora asked, shocked and startled by something in Lord de Gretton's look.

Perhaps the real nature of the man peered for a moment through the sunken eyes to give timely warning.

"Why?" she persisted, with a sort of tremulous bravery. "Why should Lady Olivia hate me?"

He laughed again, and threw one arm round the slender white-robed figure, for Nora had risen now and stood beside him, wide-eyed, eager, and thrilling once again with her wild foolish hope.

"Why, you foolish child? I believe you the only girl in London who need ask the question."

"Is it because——"

Nora shrank from his touch; her heart throbbed so fiercely she could hardly find breath to frame the question—"Oh, Lord de Gretton, as a gentleman, you must tell me this—because she once——"

"Once jilted me?

"Yes," he cried, with a quick fierce flush "and has repented her folly ever since; that is the reason, Nora.

"But if she is content to bury the hatchet and do homage to the new Lady de Gretton, why, let her say I."

And, as the gray moustache touched her cold cheek, Nora knew that her last hope had passed and her fate was sealed.

* * * * * * *

The days wore on drearily and monotonously, filled with work and excitement for Mrs. Bruce and her daughter, but presenting nothing but one dull blank to the bride-elect.

Afterwards she never thought of this as a period of sharp pain; all her senses were mercifully dulled, and, as she told herself again, with a curious thrill of triumph, her heart was dead.

"She bears it beautifully," Mrs. Bruce said to her daughter, in one of the rare intervals that visiting and being visited, shopping and submission to the milliners' and dressmakers' caprices, now allowed them.

"I never thought that Nora would have been so docile."

But Cristine, much keener-sighted than her mother, shook her blond head with a very dubious look.

"You are not out of the wood yet, mother" she said sneeringly.

"I would not count too much on her placidity if I were you; there is such a thing as a lull before a storm, you know. You may not have a peerless step-daughter after all."

Mrs. Bruce grew suddenly pale, and was absolutely unhappy for the two following days.

Nothing came of the spiteful prophecy, nothing had come on the eve of Nora Bruce's wedding-day.

The house was full of guests, and gay with the bustle of preparation; girl-voices rang out in every corridor, silk dresses "swished" and high-heeled shoes patted continually up and down the stairs; carts of every description stopped perpetually at the door, milliners' girls, confectioners' men, florists, jewelers, haunted the whole house.

Only in the one room where the bride-elect sat, white and rigid, by the little brass-bound desk in which all her girlish secrets lay, was any semblance of peace to be found; and here in truth was the fiercest unrest of all.

How long she had sat there she did not know.

The sun sank lower and lower, the clock struck six, and the sound roused her at last.

What she had to do must be done very quickly.

Lord de Gretton's wife must take no *souvenir* of Arthur Beaupre into her new life.

With cold trembling fingers she opened the letters—Arthur's letters—out before her.

They were not many in all—half-a-dozen notes sent with flowers and books and music, a few genuine love-letters written on board the transport, full of high courage, softened by tenderest pity for the girl he

had left behind him, and, last of all, that written on the eve of the engagement in which he fell.

No wonder that the girl's tears fell thick and fast upon this legacy of love!

"If the fortune of war should go against me, you must not grieve too long," the poor young fellow wrote.

"Your love has made me so happy, I could not bear to think that even my death should bring you lasting grief.

"You will never quite forget me, Nora; you will hardly choose another love, though in the long life that spreads before you such things would be natural enough. But you have faithful eyes, my darling. I close my own and look once more into their clear gray depths, and, looking, I cannot fancy they will ever light up for another as they have lighted once for me. I think that, if I could come back from the grave twenty years hence, I should find you still Nora Bruce, still true to a lover in the shadow-world.

"Mind, I do not wish this, Nora. It is only an idle fancy, and I hardly think it brings me comfort, selfish as my great love makes me.

"A life of resignation and patient grief is not the lot for which my bright warm-hearted Nora was born.

"Be happy in your own way, choose your own walk in life, and know that, if I could pierce the veil, and follow your progress through the world that I have done with, I should be best pleased to see you walking in the sunshine, and only casting back from time to time a soft regretful look to that darkly-shadowed past in which I played my part.

"Have I written too sentimentally, Nora?

"Are my words weak and unmanly?

"Well, for to-night at least they may stand.

"If the shadow that falls upon me as I write means nothing, if I come back safe and sound to-morrow, your eyes will never rest upon them.

"And, if it is ordered otherwise, you will read them in the softening shadow of death.

"And now, my own darling Nora, if it must be, good night."

Nora dropped the letter with a shuddering cry, and lifted a picture from the desk—a picture so like the original that, meeting the frank blue eyes with their brave trustful smile she could only have believed that Arthur had indeed come back from the shadow-world to look upon her once more.

To look upon and find her—how?

She laughed aloud, a fierce unnatural laugh, as she thought of the picture his generous fancy had drawn and the reality he would be forced to look upon.

In twenty years' time he would find her still Nora Bruce, still true to a lover in the shadow-world.

So he wrote, and thought; and here was she, in less than two years, burning the words that shamed and tortured her on the eve of her wedding-day.

Burning them!

Ah, no, she had not strength for that!

She gathered the papers up and pressed them passionately to her pale lips.

She would lock them up, would never look on them again; but see the paper on which Arthur's hand had rested, the words his pen had traced, scorch and shrivel into nothingness within the cruel flames she could not and she would not; there was sacrilege in the very thought.

"Forgive me, Arthur!" she cried wildly. "Oh, my darling, if you could but know!"

Her pretty head fell forward on the desk, on the crushed papers, on the pictured face which after to-night the girl might look upon no more, and for a brief space of time something like a sweet and solemn peace fell over her, a feeling as though she were alone with her dead and held communion with them.

Intense pain wrought to frenzy had proved its own anæsthetic, and for a little while she neither feared nor suffered more.

How long this strange trance of peace lasted she could not say; she was roused from it by a slight touch, to find Cristine fully dressed beside her, her hand upon her shoulder and a curious mocking smile in her eyes.

"Were you asleep, or had you fainted, Nora?" she asked kindly—Cristine from the moment in which she had reconciled herself to the engagement had grown wonderfully kind.

"Do you know that you have barely left yourself time to dress for dinner?"

Nora roused, to duty and misery once more, thrust the papers and picture into the desk—not, she knew, before Cristine had seen them and guessed shrewdly what they were; but that did not trouble her. It was her own conscience she feared, and not Cristine Singleton.

"I did not know it was so late," Nora answered wearily, pushing the hair out of her heavy eyes, and revealing so tragic a face that her step-sister said sharply—

"You have been crying, child. What will Lord de Gretton say?"

"Lord de Gretton cannot claim any control over my tears until this time to-morrow," Nora answered, while her tremulous fingers tangled the heavy hair they vainly tried to reduce to order.

"Shall I not call your maid?" Cristine asked; but Nora shook her head in vehement refusal.

The sharp-eyed Frenchwoman was a terror to which she must accustom herself; but for to-night, at least, she would be free.

"Then let me help you," Miss Singleton persisted; "you will dress yourself by midnight at your present rate of progression.

"Come, Nora; it is for the last time."

And the first, she might have said with equal truth.

Many a time and oft, in the old happy days, when Nora was the least-considered person in her father's house, and had no golden future spreading out before her, many a time had she dressed Cristine Singleton for ball or pic-nic, plaited the pale silky hair, laced the cheap pretty dresses, and sent her forth to conquest, looking her very best.

Never before had she preferred her services to Nora.

The thought flashed across the girl's mind forcing a ghost of a smile to her pale lips; but she banished it at once, and quietly accepted the offer.

Cristine would stay, she knew; so it would be an easier thing to have her busy, with hands and eyes alike occupied, than sitting there watching her every movement.

Under her light and skilful touches Nora was quickly dressed and made ready; and, as she stood before the long glass, fastening the ear-rings in her ears, she thought, with a sharp pang, how small a trace the inner anguish she endured had left upon her face, how radiant she looked in the maize-colored silk and soft showers of black lace in which it had pleased Cristine to dress her.

A tap at the door was answered by Cristine.

Nora thought, but was not sure, that she heard the maid's voice say—

"A letter for Miss Bruce."

Letters had come by fifties and hundreds to her of late.

So naturally she did not attach much importance to this.

She was rather surprised however when five, ten minutes passed away, and Cristine did not return—the more so as the dinner-bell now sounded, and Nora saw that she had left her fan and gloves upon the dressing-table.

Her room was at the other end of the long corridor.

Nora had to pass it on her way down; so she took the gloves and fan with her, meaning to leave them with her if she was there, or carry them to the drawing-room if she had gone down.

The door stood slightly ajar.

She pushed it open carelessly, and, to her horror and amazement, saw Miss Singleton lying in a dead faint on the ground.

For a moment she stood staring helplessly, paralyzed by a sort of superstitious terror.

Cristine had left so short a time before, full of health and spirit.

Nora had noticed how pretty she looked in the soft creamy pink that always suited her best and supplied the one thing lacking to her coldly regular beauty; and now what had stricken her down like this?

Cristine was not given to fainting. For the moment Nora thought that she was indeed dead, and envied her with an envy that was nothing intensely.

Cristine, who needed it not, had found sudden peace, a swift and easy passage from all the pain and heart-breakings of this world, while she——

"Cristine!" the girl cried hurriedly, as the other stirred, and brought her back to the reality of the sense.

Her envy had been premature; this was not death; already the blue eyes were widely open, and the pale lips parted in a gasping cry.

Nora knelt beside her, raised the golden head, and bathed the gray face with eau-de-Cologne.

Gradually the girl's senses came back, her eyes lost their stony stare, her breath came more freely, and she tried to draw herself away.

"You are better now, Cristine?"

She started at the sound of Nora's voice, and gave a quick look of angry terror—a most inexplicable look, even admitting that her mind still wandered.

"How did you come here?" she asked abruptly.

"How is it you are in this condition?" Nora said quietly.

"You were quite well when you left me, Cristine.

"What has happened since?"

She grew suddenly scarlet, stared straight into the other's eyes, as though she would read her inmost thoughts, then turned away, saying shortly, almost sullenly——

"I ran too quickly.

"I felt a sharp pain here"—touching her left side—"and I remember nothing more."

Nora stared at her, a little incredulously perhaps—the explanation seemed so improbable.

A run across the corridor upset Cristine Singleton—Cristine, who would dance from midnight to dawn and never turn a hair, who was the skilfullest tennis-player in all Nettleton!

The girl who knew her best could hardly believe it.

Yet there was no gainsaying her ghastly looks.

"Go down, Nora," she said, as the great gong gave its final clang. "I will follow almost directly."

"Shall I send Mrs. Bruce to you?" Nora asked doubtfully.

It seemed cruel to leave her thus, and yet she knew that she must go.

But Cristine negatived the idea, and entreated her to say nothing of her illness, trembling so violently all the time that the girl thought she would soon betray herself, whether she kept her secret or no.

Argument only served to irritate her, and time began to press; so at last, with extreme reluctance, Miss Bruce went.

It hardly seemed likely that Cristine would make her appearance that night; but almost before the guests had filed in stately fashion into the great dining-room, and just as Mrs. Bruce began to speculate vexedly as to the cause of her daughter's absence, Cristine herself entered and took her place, just facing Nora, as quietly as though nothing had happened.

Meeting her step-sister's anxious glance across the intervening flower and fern barrier, she smiled a strange uncomfortable smile.

Her eyes had an odd wild brightness, her cheeks had such a warm flush as few had seen them wear.

The hot glow came and went as she chatted recklessly with her neighbor, who regarded her more than once with mingled astonishment and admiration, and confided to a friend in the course of the evening that he did not know "that little doll of a Singleton" had so much go in her.

But her mother noticed that she ate nothing, and drank champagne with a sort of feverish thirst.

Nora saw little of her through the evening, though somehow her movements had a strange fascination for her.

She followed the slender pink-robed form as it moved restlessly about the large rooms, into and out of the conservatory, never staying long in one spot, and never by any chance approaching her.

She hardly listened to Lord de Gretton's murmured chat, or the gentle buzz of conversation that went on around her: the question perplexed her—was Cristine avoiding her or not?

If she was, she changed her plan at the last moment.

As Nora sat in her room, alone at last, resting her hot head against the sash of the window, and looking up with aching wistful eyes at the serene splendor of the starlit midnight sky, the door opened, and Cristine, looking very weird and ghostlike in her long white wrapper, came in.

The other looked round as she set her small silver hand-lamp down upon the table, and, even in the self-absorption of her own wretched thoughts, noticed how strangely haggard was her aspect.

"Cristine, you are ill again!" she cried; but Cristine laughed and shook her head impatiently.

"Cannot you forget that foolish momentary weakness?

"I never was better in my life. But enough of me.

"I may not see you much to-morrow, Nora; so I came to take your directions now.

"Is there any one you have forgotten, any one for whom you would like to leave a remembrance when you are gone?"

The wild light eyes seemed to burn into the pale bride's face.

She stirred restlessly under the cruelly persistent gaze.

"No one; there is nothing," Nora said shortly.

"Oh, by-the-way, Cristine, did not the girl bring a note for me just before dinner?"

She asked the question indifferently enough, grasping at any pretext for a change of subject and caring little what the answer might be.

But Cristine drew in her reach with a sharp little cry, and pushed the fair fluffy hair back from her forehead with a tragic gesture of despair.

"Really I am unpardonable, Nora; I remember it all now.

"It was a message from Madame Josephine, something about the arrangement of your train, I think; but I was taken ill just at the moment, and——"

"Never mind, Cristine; what does it matter?" the other said wearily. "The train will do very well as it is."

"But I must have thrown the note down either in my own room or the corridor," Cristine persisted, knitting her light brows in extreme perplexity.

"I will search for and find it before I go to bed.

"You will do nothing of the kind," Nora cried peremptorily, for, besides being selfishly anxious for solitude, she was really shocked by the worn, aged look of her step-sister's face and the feverish glitter of her light eyes.

"Bed is the best place in the world for you, and the sooner you are asleep the better."

"I do feel worn out," Cristine confessed, with a queer smile; "and, as chief bridesmaid, I should like to look my best to-morrow.

"Well, Nora, good night.

"Hark!

"What is that?"

It was the mighty voice of "Big Ben" floating through the open window, beating the twelve solemn strokes that told the great restless city that another day was dead.

The girl's listened in breathless silence till the last vibration died away, each stroke falling with deadly import on Nora Bruce's strained sense of hearing, and bringing a strange light to Cristine Singleton's face. With the last, she flung both arms around her sister's neck and kissed her with a sort of exultant passion.

"Long life and happiness to our bonny bride!" she cried, in shrill vibrating tones. "Fate has been kind to me. Lady de Gretton, remember always that I was the first to offer my congratulations and good wishes on your wedding-morning."

CHAPTER IV.

IT was the prettiest wedding of the season!"

On that point complimentary friends, fashionable reporters, and the rougher critics gathered in the ultra-fashionable church to witness the gorgeously-mounted ceremony were alike agreed; and, if the last were rather disposed to think that a younger bridegroom would have made the picture complete, even these admitted that Lord de Gretton, with his slender upright figure and well-preserved handsome face, was still a stately and a personable man.

Ten bridesmaids, dressed in the latest bridal fashion, with veils and wreaths and shimmering satin dresses, with lockets bearing the blent initials of the bridal pair in diamonds, followed Nora Bruce to the altar, and, as they posed picturesquely behind her, envied the pale bride in their inmost hearts.

They were all, with the exception of Cristine, "damsels of high degree," chosen from the circle of Lord de Gretton's friends knowing nothing of and caring nothing for the bride, and secretly resenting the fact that the bridegroom had wandered from his own world in search of a wife.

Rich still, agreeable, and eligible in every way, he had been comparatively left alone by chaperons and passed over by prudent parents because by common consent every one had given him to Lady Olivia Blake; and Lady Olivia herself was not more angry and indignant when she discovered the sorry part she had been made to play than was "Society" in realizing the trick played upon it.

"Society" and Lady Olivia however had, with excellent world-wisdom, determined to pocket the affront and countenance the ceremony.

The former thronged the church in the persons of its most charming and sharp-tongued representatives.

The latter, gorgeous in a costume of olive-green, stamped velvet, and satin that suited her dark beauty to perfection, stood tranquilly conscious of the thousand eager eyes that watched her with malicious interest almost on the altar-steps, almost by the bridegroom's side, accepting the situation with a fierce defiant pride that moved those who knew her story best to a sort of admiring sympathy.

"How well she bears it!" the gossips whispered to one another behind their ivory-and-velvet Prayer-books.

"He treated her shamefully—quite shamefully, you know.

"She actually wore the diamonds at the palace ball.

"Yes, the bride has them on now. Quite shocking, I call it—so much worse than if she were a girl—for to a woman of dear Olivia's age ridicule is death.

"Yet really, you know, it is wonderful. She looks quite handsome to-day—does she not?"

"Yes, the bride does not shine by comparison, young as she is—a poor lifeless-looking thing, I call her.

"Are her people at all presentable, by-the-way?"

"There they are!" the first speaker said, nodding her head in the direction of Captain and Mrs. Bruce.

"Do you see—a stout over-dressed woman in garnet silk and white lace, who looks absurdly important and pleased with herself and her surroundings, and a thin white-haired man, who does not seem to share her feelings?

"He is something in the Navy, or Coast-guard.

"They were quite awfully poor, I hear, and I dare say compassed heaven and earth to ensnare De Gretton!"

So, in its accustomed charitable fashion, "Society" gossiped and speculated while the solemn words were spoken, while the soft sweet music floated through the church while Nora Bruce knelt beside the man from whom she shrank with an hourly-increasing intensity of repugnance, and heard, with a deathly faintness at her heart, the priest's calm tones pronounce them man and wife.

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder!"

Like one in a trance the girl listened to the words so full of solemn and awful meaning—so mystically sweet to those who hear them with mutual love and trust, so terrible to those who seal a loveless bond and know that hope and freedom may be theirs never more.

It was her death-sentence, Nora thought, glancing wildly around her.

Some one was murdered.—was it Arthur Beaupre?—and she was here to answer the crime.

It was not a church, but a grim guilt-stained court in which she stood.

It was not a silver-tongued and fashionable priest liaping forth the marriage-blessing, but a judge who was sentencing her to die!

To die!

When?

To-day—to-morrow?

Ah, well, that mattered little!

It was easy, so easy to die; and after death there would come peace and rest, and—yes, if heaven were merciful—the touch of Arthur's hand, the glad forgiveness of Arthur's kind blue eyes.

He might forgive her then—for, even though she were the guilty crime-stained wretch they called her, though she left this world that had been too hard for her through the dark portal of a shameful death she would still be true to him.

The girl's brain reeled with the delirious fancy, her gray eyes flashed through the rich lace of her veil with a light so insanely happy that Cristine, who stood close behind her with her gloves and bouquet, felt a thrill of positive terror, and bent forward with a warning touch.

"Nora!" she cried in a sharp whisper; and with a little shiver the miserable bride came back to life and memory.

The wedding-march sounded as the

bridal-party came back from the vestry; the eager sightseers parted right and left to let the gay procession pass down the central aisle, through the tall gray gates, and down the red-carpeted steps.

Lord de Gretton, with his bride upon his arm, came first; and he carried his well-shaped gray head erect, with a gallant grace that well became him—so the onlookers declared.

Perhaps it was well he did so.

It would neither have swelled his triumph nor sweetened his temper to look on the dazed hopeless misery of the white face and dark anguished eyes beneath the Brussels veil and orange-blossom wreath.

Strangely enough, however, the happy bridegroom was at that moment thinking less of his bride than of the handsome dark-eyed woman whose strange tranquility of look had in some queer fashion shaken his nerves and annoyed him.

All through the ceremony he had been uneasily conscious of Olivia Blake's unwavering glance, and, though it was neither fierce nor reproachful, it had filled him in the hour of his triumph with an odd sense of humiliation and defeat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Noble Revenge.

BY JULIUS THATCHER.

"AND I love you, Clare," concluded the young fellow, in tremulous tones, with his soul in his eyes.

It was the old, old story.

A story as old as creation.

A story to be told and retold, and never to come to a conclusion until man's reign upon earth is ended.

A summer's day.

A garden Arcadian in simplicity.

A young fellow in the prime of golden manhood—a stalwart youth, pleading as if for life.

And a girl fair as Eve, a woman with a pretty face, but a bad heart, that hideous thing called a "coquette," who, for the sake of passing the time, beguiled a young and honest heart, won a man's first best love, and is now rather puzzled what to do with it.

Puzzled but for a moment.

Clare Lyndley was soon mistress of the situation.

Shrugging her shoulders indifferently, she looked down upon the handsome face raised so pleadingly to hers, and said—

"This warm weather seems to have affected your brain, George."

There was not the slightest fluctuation of the rich color in her face, and her sweet voice was cruel in its coldness.

A pang of the keenest agony shot through the young man's heart.

It was the first, the very first, awakening from the dream that had dazzled him.

"Clare, my darling, my beloved——"

"Really, George," she interrupted, impatiently, "I cannot listen to such rhapsodies!

"You have grown very disagreeable lately.

"I find it impossible to get on with you, and you were so nice at first!"

"Do you want to set me mad?" he inquired.

"You know very well—know it long ago—that I love you to desperation."

"These are the dog-days, and I believe all very young men are subject to fits of madness. You call it 'loving to desperation.'"

"Oh, Clare! how can you be so awful cruel?"

"Well, suppose, for the sake of argument, that I loved you in return, what would be the use of it?

"We are both as poor as church mice, and do you imagine for a moment that I would marry a poor man?"

"You need not.

"I will work, and win honors for your sake.

"I can do it," he said, proudly drawing himself up.

"Bah!" she interrupted.

"Do I look fit to become a working man's wife?

"It is very fortunate for both that I am possessed of more common sense than you are!"

There spoke the cool, calculating woman of the world.

Still the young man, but a year her senior, did not yet comprehend her.

"You have broken my heart," he said.

"Pooh! there are no such things as hearts in these days!

"You will have a dozen such flirtations before you marry!"

"Listen to me, Clare."

"It is quite useless for you to say anything more.

"I am already engaged to Sir Percy Singleton, and we are to be married when my aunt returns.

"I am very sorry that you should have fancied yourself in love with me.

"Believe me, it is but a fancy, and one you will soon get over.

"I am still more sorry that our friendship should end in this manner.

"After what has occurred, it is impossible for me to see you again; and as I leave on Thursday, I will now bid you farewell."

Without waiting to see what effect her communication would have upon him, she walked away, leaving him to digest at leisure his first experience of wounded affection.

George Alymer was the second son of a man of good property but (in consequence of a large family) limited means.

He graduated with honors at Oxford, and before choosing a profession came home to rest.

After his late hard work, the dolce far niente life in the country was truly delightful.

But being idle, something put it into his head to fall madly in love with beautiful Clare Lyndley, who wore pinafores and patent-leather shoes the last time he had seen her.

Clare's mother was a widow, and lived on a small annuity, renting a pretty cottage close to George's home.

Mrs. Lyndley was a woman who had experienced many sorrows.

She lost her husband early in life, lost all her children save one, and lost her fortune.

She bowed her head in meek submission, was thankful for the blessings she still enjoyed, and was even cheerful under adversity.

Her only sister had been a beauty and "married well."

Lady Forrester would gladly have drawn her less fortunate sister from her obscurity, and shared with her her wealth and splendor, for she was childless and had an indulgent husband.

But retirement suited Mrs. Lyndley, and she had become attached to her cottage home, therefore she preferred not to leave it.

Over and over again Lady Forrester begged that her little niece might be sent her.

But the mother firmly refused to part with her only child.

However, when Clare was seventeen, she clamored for a sight of the great world, and Mrs. Lyndley was reluctantly obliged to give her permission to visit her aunt.

Her visit was to be for a month.

But the month, six months, two years glided away, and Clare did not return.

Her mother tried to be satisfied with the accounts of her beauty, accomplishments, and prophecies of future brilliant success; but she sighed for the days when the child was all her own, and pined to see her again.

Clare had been absent three years, when Lady Forrester suddenly announced by letter to Mrs. Lyndley that her daughter would pay her a visit, and the announcement caused the poor woman to rejoice as she had not done for years.

The late primroses still starred the hedgerows, the trees were bursting into leaf, and all nature was putting on its bravery of summer garments when Clare returned to her native village.

Mrs. Lyndley scarcely recognised the elegant, fashionable-looking woman who called her "nothing."

True, she had been pretty when she left, but it was a rustic prettiness, and altogether different from the striking loveliness that now characterized both face and form; her patrician beauty was still further enhanced by the numerous exquisite toilettes with which she astonished the simple villagers, and her manners had of course acquired a polish from contact with the beau monde. She was tall and stately, and had developed into a brilliant, accomplished woman.

Mrs. Lyndley soon discovered that a still greater change had come over her child, for her eyes, sharpened by motherly affection, pierced beneath the lovely exterior, discovering the unquenchable ambition that filled the cold, calculating heart, and mourned over the change as only a single-minded parent can do.

Very dissatisfied was Clare at being compelled to spend the summer months in the country.

Her aunt and uncle had gone abroad; but Lord Forrester, being a troublesome and fidgety invalid, fancied going to some obscure German baths instead of to a fashionable resort, where rank and wealth congregate and pleasure-lovers are fain to linger.

The stupid little German town having no attractions for Clare, she elected not to accompany them, and suddenly awaking to a sense of duty, remembered her dear mother.

Her aunt, although not very well pleased to lose her society and help, did not care to force her inclination.

Clare was too selfish to sacrifice herself, but at the same time too prudent to risk the loss of future benefits, pleaded filial duty so pathetically that Lady Forrester was satisfied.

After a week spent in the country, ennui took possession of Society's flattered favorite.

She was, as I have said before, a coquette—a class which has been rightly defined as "barbarians," whom society tolerates, and who pride themselves on the number of "men's hearts instead of scalps" which they have torn from their victims.

Clare looked about her.

The rector was a toothless old bachelor; the doctor a married man, with his quiver filled to overflowing.

The lawyer in the same unenviable predicament.

Even the Castle was shut up, and Lord Luscombe was traveling abroad with his daughter.

Just then, fate, or chance, or both, sent George Alymer home.

Young, ardent, and impressionable, standing upon the threshold of life, with the prospect of a successful career before him, it was no wonder that he should easily fall a victim to the charms of the syren who deliberately set herself to win his love "just to pass the time."

He and Clare had played and quarreled together as children.

But the heartless girl had not the slightest compassion for her playmate.

She bewitched and ensnared him as the wily serpent beguiled our common mother.

And, to make a long story short, he laid his great earnest heart at her dainty feet, and she trampled upon it.

George Alymer's character was a noble one.

He was thoughtful by nature, guileless and simple as a child.

He had worked too hard to be well acquainted with women or women's ways, and took his own mother as the model of the sex.

He believed implicitly in Clare, and was completely taken in by those arts of which so thorough-paced a coquette is mistress.

The lifting of an eye, the lowering of a lash, will lead so young a lover to believe himself loved in return, and Clare fooled the youth to her heart's content.

George suffered severely when he awoke to the fact that his idol was only clay.

But as all trials almost invariably work for good to those who are called upon to endure them, so, in this case, the lesson was not thrown away.

George Alymer's eyes were opened wide.

He saw Clare Lyndley in her true character, and very soon learned to despise himself for feeling his disappointment so keenly.

He no longer wavered in the choice of a profession, but chose the church.

For ten years he labored as curate in a large London parish.

Some two years later we find him rector of his own native village, and married to Lady Laura, Lord Luscombe's only daughter and heiress.

Prosperity did not change his noble nature.

Never was minister more beloved than he.

He took an individual interest in every person in his parish; he was the friend of the poor, director of the weak, and comforter of the weary.

The gentle Lady Laura was his helpmate indeed.

The sick, the hungry and naked had cause to bless her, for out of her abundance she gave with freedom and liberality, yet with wisdom and justice.

During all these years, George heard but once of his first love.

Her engagement with Sir Percy was broken off, and a few months later she married a millionaire, to the unbounded satisfaction of her aunt, but without consulting her mother, whose very existence she seemed completely to have forgotten.

The rector frequently inquired kindly about her.

Mrs. Lyndley mournfully told him she knew nothing of her only child, except what her letters, which were few and far between, said—that she was living in splendor and luxury, and apparently happy and well.

"Dear George," said Lady Laura, one morning, at breakfast, "this is sad news Jane tells me."

The rector looked up inquiringly.

"Mrs. Lyndley's daughter came home yesterday evening a widow."

A slight expression of pain crossed Mr. Aylmer's face, as he answered, "I was away all yesterday, as you know; but I think Jane must have made a mistake.

"When last Mrs. Lyndley heard from Mrs. Carruthers, she was well and very happy."

"You will call there this afternoon, I suppose?" asked his wife.

"I will call after breakfast, and ascertain the truth."

"Shall I—would you wish me to go with you?"

"No, dearest; not to-day.

"If the news happens to be true, it would be more advisable to call by myself first."

When the rector joined his wife at the luncheon-table he looked graver than usual, and, in answer to her questions, said, "It is only too true, Laura.

"Mrs. Lyndley is in great trouble.

"Poor Clare has returned to her, not only a widow, but with an orphan son."

"How sad!" exclaimed Lady Laura, sympathizingly.

"But of course they will not be dependent on poor Mrs. Lyndley."

"They are penniless, I am sorry to say."

"How is that?

"I understood Mr. Carruthers was very wealthy."

"It is a sad story.

"It appears that although wealthy when married, he lost everything by rash speculation.

"Wretched man! he died by his own hand!"

"How dreadful! And the widow—did you see her?"

"She refused to see me."

"And poor Mrs. Lyndley—how does she bear her trial?"

"As she has borne all others, with great fortitude."

"We must do something for them, George," said Lady Laura, after a pause.

"Dear, liberal wife, you only anticipate my wishes!"

"Papa will help us; and you know, George, that I am an audacious beggar!"

"You are a good woman, darling!" he said, kissing her sweet face.

The rector and his wife were influential, and heading the subscription list with a large sum, they appealed to the public; and when did the noble public ever fail to respond nobly to such appeals?

The Earl was munificent in his liberality; and so indefatigably did they all work in the cause of the widow and orphan, that in a short time Mr. Aylmer found himself in a position to call at the cottage, bringing with him good news.

Clare still refused to see him; but he informed Mrs. Lyndley that two thousand dollars were invested for the benefit of Mrs. Carruthers and her orphan son, and that Lord Luscombe undertook to provide for the boy's education and secure him a start in life.

"You are a true friend!" faltered the widow.

"I cannot thank you, for my heart is too full; but your good deeds will bring their own reward!

"Oh, George, George, do you think I know nothing?"

"Did you imagine I was blind?

"Truly, yours has been a Noble Revenge?"

Bric-a-Brac.

STRAW.—The lecture-rooms of universities in the Middle Ages were so simply furnished that the students used bundles of straw to sit on, which they brought with them. There was a street in Paris where it was sold for the exclusive use of students.

THE WALLS OF PARIS.—Paris is surrounded by a complete girt of fortifications broken by 57 gates, besides the entrance of railways. It consists of a bastioned and terraced wall, 21 miles in circuit, presenting 94 bastions. The whole is surrounded by a continuous ditch 22 miles in circuit and 40 feet wide. The wall has 34 feet of escarpment faced with stone 11 feet thick. This interior system of defence is supplemented by 16 outlying forts.

WIFE AND HUSBAND.—In the civil wars in Germany, when the Emperor Conrade had besieged the town of Weinberg, the wife of Guelpho, Duke of Bavaria, solicited, as an article of capitulation, a safe conduct to her and the other women in the town; which being complied with, each woman took her husband on her back, and so marched out of the place; the Emperor was so pleased with the thought, that he entertained them splendidly about his tent.

LOOKING AT PERSONS.—One of the classical books of the Chinese contains rules for looking at persons. To look higher than the face indicates pride; to look lower than the girdle indicates sorrow; to look aslant indicates perfidy. Ministers of state must not look the emperor in the face; they may not look higher than the vest which fits round his neck, nor lower than the girdle; they must fix their eyes upon his heart and with profound reverence wait the high decision of his sovereign will.

THE QUEEN'S PLATE.—Conspicuous among the Queen's Plate are the mimic lyre-bird and tiger's head taken from Tippoo eighty odd years ago, and presented to her Majesty's grandfather, King George III. The lyre-bird's body and tail are composed of brilliant rubies, emeralds and pearls. The tiger's head once served Hyder Ali's masterful son as a footstool. It is a life-sized model, fashioned in solid silver, richly gilt, its tusks of rock-crystal, and its tongue of pure gold. Like the lyre-bird, it fell into the hands of the British at the storming of Seringapatam, where Tippoo met his death.

THE SUN AND MOON.—The genders of the sun and moon, in the German language, are respectively feminine and masculine, contrary to the rule of the Romance languages, where, as in Latin, the sun is masculine and the moon feminine. In our own language Shakspeare speaks of the moon as "she;" and in Egypt and Peru the sun and moon were regarded as brother and sister, and as husband and wife. In Arabic, Mexican, Lithuanian, Slavonic and Greenlandish the moon and sun, according to Grimm, are related as in German. The variation of gender implies, of course a difference of thought, but the fundamental conception that gave genders at all in language or in legend is clearly the same in either case—namely that the sun and moon were actual human beings like ourselves.

WORD-BLINDNESS.—A surgeon describes a curious case of "word-blindness." The sufferer is and always has been in the full enjoyment of his intellectual faculties; he has never had any trouble in his speech or from paralysis, and he writes correctly, in a regular and elegant hand, whatever is dictated to him or whatever is his own thought; but although his vision is perfect and normal he cannot see a single printed word or a written one, whether it be written by himself or another. He recognises the names of the letters or figures, but cannot join them objectively to form words and numbers; yet he can form words and numbers mentally if the letters or ciphers are dictated to him. The surgeon has advised his patient to learn to read again, beginning with the alphabet; but he finds the intellectual strain of joining the letters into words and syllables very severe.

THE FARMER.—Adam was a farmer while yet in paradise, and, after his fall was commanded to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Job, the honest, upright and patient, was a farmer, and his endurance has passed into a proverb. Socrates was a farmer, and yet wedded to the glory of his immortal philosophy. Cincinnatus was a farmer and the noblest Roman of them all. Burns was a farmer and the Muse found him at his plow, and filled his soul with poetry. Washington was a farmer and retired from his high station to enjoy the quiet of rural life. To these names may be added a host of others, who sought peace and repose in agricultural pursuits. The enthusiastic Lafayette, the steadfast Pickering, the scholastic Jefferson, the fiery Randolph, all found an El Dorado of consolation from life's cares and troubles, in the green and verdant lawns that surrounded their homestead.

YOUTH AND AGE.

BY A. G.

I sang a song, when life was young,
  A song of glory, strength, and fame;
I dreamed a dream, spring leaves among,
  That in worth's roll I'd carve a name.
The spring leaves darkened; life grew strong;
  The rose's bloom said—Summer's here:
And clustering duties grew along
  My path, and I began to fear
    That fame was ill to find.

O sweet, sweet were the summer hours,
  And blue the sky which with them came.
I met my dear wife 'mong the flowers
  Of leafy June—nor cared that fame
Should pass me by, and onward press
  Her glittering way—the loving light
In Lizzie's eyes, the golden tress
  Of Lizzie's hair, were far more bright
    Than aught on earth beside.

Then little children reverence gave—
  A something grander far than fame;
And when we laid one in the grave,
  We whispered low the Father's name.
Small was the hand which beckoning led
  Our hearts far from earth's glittering wiles;
Pure was the soul which from us fled,
  To find a home where Jesus smiles,
    And summer never ends.

Now winter comes with falling snow;
  We gather round the bright home fire;
We feel no lack of fame's gay show,
  For rest is all our hearts desire.
I clasp a dear, dear hand in mine;
  My Lizzie's hair is silvered now;
Her eyes with love still constant shine;
  Her children's blessings crown her brow;
    And sweet content is ours.

TWICE MARRIED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

"THEN there would be a good chance of a fortune being made there, eh, Mr. Herbert?" said Evan, looking earnestly at him.

"Well, I should think so," replied the farmer.

"But I should be sorry to give an opinion of a business of which I understand so little.

"The overlooker, Mr. Evans, is a man of sense and integrity, and I speak chiefly from what I have heard him say.

"But I believe flax is rising in price; and if cotton were ever to fail us, as croakers begin to fear it may before long, Llanover Mill would be no bad speculation."

Evan was silent for a few minutes, and then his lips parted with another question; but he suddenly remembered how very singular his curiosity must appear to his host; so he immediately changed the subject, and made some jesting remark to Winifred on her supposed proficiency in learning during their separation.

"I am afraid you would be terribly shocked if you knew how stupid I am," she replied.

"I cannot speak one creditable sentence, nor translate one page of French, without a dictionary."

"So much the better," interrupted her mother; "I never could see the good of your going to school at all; 'tis only likely to make you useless and idle at home.

"I agree with you, wife," said the farmer, in his calm, mild tones.

"I do not care about our girl's speaking a word of any language but our own; but I do wish her to know what is to be learnt in books and in Nature, and she will never be a worse housewife for being an intelligent woman, if she follows my advice and precepts."

Winifred looked at her father with such soft loving reverence in her beautiful eyes, that Evan quite envied the man who produced such feelings as that look spoke.

"I will try, dear father," she said.

"And I am sure it can be as possible as you tell me; for Lucy, who is so clever and knows so many things, is a capital housekeeper, and helps her mother a great deal when there is anything unusual to be done at the Grange."

"Yes, Miss Lucy is a blithe, winsome creature," said Mrs. Herbert, involuntarily smiling at the very thought of the fair joyous sunbeam of the Grange; "but then she was born to be educated, and all that sort of thing.

"But 'tis quite new since my day for farmer's daughters to have anything but plain schooling and their mother's teaching afterwards.

"I don't half like all this new-fangled nonsense of our Winifred. It will come to no good, I'm certain."

The farmer only smiled; he was accustomed to his wife's grumblings; but Evan felt indignant that the refined, delicate-looking creature, whom he had already decided was about the loveliest girl he had ever seen, should be classed with the common herd of cherry-cheeked farmers' daughters.

"You are unjust to your own position in society, Mrs. Herbert" he said; "the descendant of an ancient family like your husband's can hardly be out of place anywhere, or with any degree of education."

"I must differ with you there, Mr. Evan," said the farmer, interrupting his wife's commencement of a voluble reply.

"As her mother says, Winifred is a farmer's daughter, and her forefathers have been in the same station as herself for generations past.

"I am quite content with my lot, and should be sorry to see my daughter going out of her proper sphere, either in feeling or in reality.

"For, as my wife observes, no good would come of such sudden elevation."

"I am glad you for once back what I say, husband," observed Mrs. Herbert, fretfully.

"'Tis not often I am much thought of, or my opinions neither,—I'm not of much account in my own house,—I'm nobody, because I've not much education, I suppose. No wonder I'm set against it."

The calm kindly eyes of Llewellyn Herbert were bent on his discontented helpmate with sad but not angry reproach.

"Hush, Bessie, hush!" said he; "you must not give our guest a false idea of yourself or of us.

"I only wish, when her time time comes, that our child may do her duty as well as her mother has done before her.

"But we have wearied Mr. Evan with our family affairs.

"See he is going."

"Only because I am obliged to go, Mr. Herbert," returned Evan.

"I shall soon pay you another visit, and perhaps ask your advice into the bargain.

"My father thinks more of your judgment than of any man's he knows, and my mother quite admires Mrs. Herbert's domestic managment.

"So, as a dutiful son, I must follow their example.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Herbert; good-bye, Winifred."

The last word was uttered in a lower tone, and escaped all ears but those of the young girl herself, and the next moment he was gone.

"A very fine young man," observed the farmer.

"I hope he'll be a comfort to his parents."

"He's got some fine-gentleman notions though," grumbled the wife.

"He's not so well brought up as Lucy.

"Come, Winny, child, I want you to help me make the apricot jam.

"Jenny and I have been busy churning all the morning, and the fruit won't keep."

Winifred meekly, if reluctantly, obeyed, and in a few more minutes the little party had dispersed to their several occupations.

CHAPTER III.

THE father and son again met in the old-fashioned apartment on the following morning, according to appointment, but with a somewhat different expression in the faces and bearing of each from the preceding day.

The fine face of Sir William Lloyd looked troubled and anxious.

That of his son looked calm and resolute, like a man who had taken his determination, and would abide by it.

"Well, Evan, have you thought over my proposals?" began Sir William.

"I have, sir," was the reply, "and made my decision."

"And that is——"

"To risk raising the outraged ghosts of my ancestors by becoming a mill-owner—a Lloyd in trade; the first of his name," interrupted Evan.

Sir William looked disappointed, nay, gloomy, as he listened to the careless uttered words.

"Have you weighed all, Evan?" he at length asked.

"All, sir," was the reply.

"And, if you have no objection, we will spare ourselves the annoyance and waste of time which any further discussion would entail, and proceed at once to the consideration of what steps should be next taken to carry out our plans."

Sir William was not a man to be put down, especially by his own son.

"You will, I presume, have the good sense and feeling to be guided by my wishes and plans, Evan," said the baronet, with quiet dignity.

"Indeed, so far, I have made up my mind.

"You will return to Oxford and take your degree,—a superfluous proceeding, perhaps, but I have a prejudice for your so doing.

"Meanwhile I shall make every arrangement with the executors, and in my own affairs, for carrying out your wishes.

"But, mark me, Evan, it is all I can do for you.

"If you get into any difficulty afterwards, it will be out of my power, and far from my inclination to help you.

"You will have a fair start; then it must depend on your own prudence and industry."

"I suppose you intend I shall live in that charming little villa near the mill, sir," said Evan carelessly.

"I took a wonderful fancy to it when I saw it yesterday."

"Are you so anxious to be independent, Evan?" said his father, sadly.

"So tired of the home of which you see so little?"

"Not exactly," replied the young man.

"I am very well satisfied with my kind mother, and Lucy is a very good girl.

"Still, if I am of age to work and manage my own affairs, I certainly must be old enough to have a house of my own, and I decidedly prefer the arrangement I propose.

"Perhaps I may marry an heiress; who knows? and shall want a home to bring her to."

"I trust, my son, that your choice of a wife will be guided by other considerations than mere money," replied Sir William, gravely.

"You have youth, good birth, talent, and, I will add, a fair start in life, and it will be your own fault if you need anything else to ensure your prosperity."

"Still, I can't see why I should add to my expenses without adding to my income," said the young man, cynically.

"When I proposed to your mother, Evan," said his father, "she had not a shilling; her modest fortune came to her most unexpectedly from her godfather, after we were married.

"But her love and prudence and excellent judgment have been the safeguard as well as the sunshine of my life.

"Follow my example, my son; choose your wife for herself, and for her qualities of heart and mind, not for a dowry, which may turn to a curse in your hands."

"Pity we cannot change places, sir," replied Evan.

"You ought to be the impulsive young man, and I the prudent, middle-aged gentleman.

"However, I will think about it.

"And now, what about the house?—you have not replied to my question yet."

"If you are seriously bent on it, Evan, and will promise me to devote your whole energies and judgment to the occupation you have chosen, I will make what arrangements you wish," said his father; "though I cannot see the object of your excessive eagerness to be alone and independent of your home."

"We shall find it better so, sir," returned Evan; "in a little time you will agree with me that I have judged rightly."

Sir William was not convinced, but he had made up his mind to yield all reasonable liberty to his son: and after that, the good baronet was equally determined not to sacrifice either himself or his other child to any caprice or shortcomings of Evan's.

"Be it so, Evan," said he; "and now, what remains to be done of course rests with me.

"I will at once communicate with the proper parties, and by Christmas you shall find all in readiness for you."

"Farmer Herbert was speaking of it yesterday, sir," remaked Evan, as he rose to leave the room, on this hint.

"He mentioned that the machinery and the whole arrangements of the mill were first-rate, and so valuable that they were insured for something like ten thousand."

"He is right, Evan.

"The speculation is a heavy one," replied the baronet; "and, as I forewarned you, when you have been fairly started in it, you have nothing more to expect from me.

"You clearly understand this, and will abide by it uncomplainingly, and without any attempt to change my resolution.

"I give you one more chance for changing your mind, and then the subject will be closed."

Evan paused for a moment, but possibly rather from a decorous appearance of considering his father's words than any real hesitation.

"I agree to your conditions, my dear father," he replied, firmly; "secure that you will perform your part of the contract faithfully and liberally.

"Anything more?"

"Nothing, Evan," was the reply.

"Your path is chosen for life.

"May God bless you in it!—though it is not the position I would have chosen for my only son—the heir of a long line of ancestors."

The young man waited only to express his short and faintly spoken regrets for any disappointment his father might feel, and then hastened to join his sister, with whom he was going to pay another visit to Llanover Farm, to bring back Winifred for the rest of the day.

Thus days went on, and the long vacation closed, and the heir of the Grange and the fair daughter of the yeoman farmer of Llanover were inseparable companions.

Sometimes Lucy was of the party; more often the young pair were alone.

Not a day passed without some part of it being spent on some pretence or other in each other's society.

And yet this constant intercourse had been so managed that neither Sir William and Lady Lloyd, nor Farmer Herbert nor his wife, had the slightest suspicion that any but the most natural and innocent motives existed for the various schemes of companionship.

They looked on Winifred as a child, still a mere schoolgirl, and yet the old and favorite playfellow of Evan and Lucy.

If Mrs. Herbert grumbled at Winifred's absence, and predicted all kinds of evils from the "idleness" and "high notions" which such an intimacy might put into her daughter's head, it was only in accordance with her usual habits and ideas, and little heeded by either her husband or child.

At length Evan Lloyd returned to college, and Winifred Herbert to school, while even Lucy was then, as afterwards, in blissful ignorance of the relations or feelings existing between her brother and her dearest friend.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was a chilly November evening, at the very close of that dismal month, when a traveler arrived at a small wayside inn, some two miles from the quaint town of Wrexham.

He was young and handsome, and both air and dress were sufficiently indicative of good position and birth to impress the simple landlady with the idea that this new visitor was a grand gentleman, if not a nobleman, at the very least a baronet.

He was therefore ushered into the best sitting-room of the rustic hostel, and many apologies were offered for real and imaginary deficiencies in the accommodation and fare at his command.

"But you see, sir," said the hostess, "it is so seldom we have gentlemen like you at this season, that we are not provided like. In summer 'tis very different; and indeed, sir, if we'd had the least notion you were coming——"

"Don't concern yourself, my good woman," said the young man, with winning frankness and good-humor.

"I shall do very well, depend upon it.

"Let me have some supper; and, harkye, you had better provide for two.

"I expect a gentleman to-night, or in the morning, and he may come in while I am busy on your good fare."

The flattered Mrs. Jones retired, and so far merited her guest's confidence as to place before him, in less than an hour's time, a very well-cooked and palatable, though simple repast, and a jug of ale.

"If any one calls for Mr. Wynn show him in at once," said the young man, as the landlady and her domestic retired, and the Welshwomen exchanged glances at the sound of a name synonymous almost with royalty in their ears.

The traveler had scarcely put his fork into the fine capon set before him, when the door opened, and the landlady announced, "A gentleman for you, sir."

The new comer was a strange contrast to his friend.

Tall, haggard-looking, with a spare, yet loosely-hung frame, large features, and a keen, restless, anxious expression, he was as interior in toilette and general air and bearing as in good looks.

His dress was black, and clerical in cut, but bearing unquestionable marks of long wear and poverty.

And yet there were traces both of "better days," and of some latent pride, and also talent, both in dress and face, unprepossessing as they appeared on a first glance.

"Well, Allnutt," said the young host, as the door closed behind the landlady, "you are prompt in obeying my call.

"It looks well; but I knew I might count on you."

"You did indeed, Lloyd," was the melancholy reply.

"You knew it but too well."

"Hush!" said the young man.

"I am 'Wynn,' not 'Lloyd,' just now.

"Walls have ears, you know, and it is as well to be cautious.

"But, come, sit down, and let's despatch the supper while 'tis hot.

"Plenty of time for talking afterwards."

The new guest seemed indeed to be more anxious than his host to carry out this proposal.

He might have fasted for the last twenty-four hours, to judge from the eagerness of his manner, and the amount of provisions which he despatched.

Evan Lloyd plied his visitor well, both with food and drink.

The jug of ale was replenished, the dishes were most effectually cleared; and when the supper was removed, hot water and spirits, with all due condiments, were placed on the table.

"You can find bedrooms for both my friend and myself?" said Evan, as the maid completed these arrangements.

"Certainly, sir," was the reply.

"Will you please to look at them, sir?"

Evan just took a glance at the rooms, which were on the same floor as the sitting-room; and then, telling the woman they should want nothing more, he carefully closed the door of the apartment, and sat down once more close to his friend.

"Now, Allnutt, to business," he said.

"You tell me that matters are not prospering much with you."

"No.

"I am one of the unfortunates of the world," replied the young man, dejectedly.

"Just now I am starving on a tutorship of thirty pounds a year and my meals; and, wretched as it is, I don't know how long that may last."

"No chance of getting into orders, eh, Allnutt?" continued Evan.

"I have not money for the fees if I could obtain a curacy," was the reply; but the restless eyes gave a keen glance at his companion as he spoke, and then were as quickly averted.

"Pity," said Evan; "but, after all, 'tis a poor calling, and, besides, might be a dangerous one for you; considering all things," he added, meaningly.

The pale face flushed, and Allnutt exclaimed, suddenly, "What do you mean, Lloyd?"

"Wynn, if you please," said Evan.

"'Tis as well for you to practice my new name, in case of a slip at wrong times, or you can say Evan if you like; but don't use my other respectable patronymic.

"What do I mean?

"Why, surely you have not lost your memory altogether, man?"

"I remember much that I should very willingly forget," said the gaunt visitor, half sadly, half gruffly.

"So much the better," said Evan.

"You perhaps remember that little transaction about eighteen months since, when I rendered you an essential service?"

"Not very probable that I could forget," and Allnutt, flushing a dull, deep crimson, which added to the repulsive character of his features.

"Then, without any great stretch of logic or of imagination, you might understand my meaning without any unpleasant explanations," said Evan.

"It appears to me that a mere hint of the affair to which I allude would be sufficient to prevent the most indulgent from admitting you among the number of those called to——"

"Hush, Evan!" interrupted Allnutt, indignantly.

"Taunt me, insult me, trample on me, if you choose, but don't blaspheme sacred things.

"I have enough of right feeling left not to stand that, even from you."

"As you please," sneered Evan.

"But you can, I should think, comprehend what I mean.

"But if your are so thin-skinned, you had better go and make a clean breast of it, at once to——"

"I will act as I please, so far as I am myself concerned," was the angry reply.

"If you want something from me, as I suppose you do, from your sending for me, and paying the expense of my journey, say so at once.

"Don't interfere in matters that do not concern you."

"It is well for you, Allnutt, that I did not take that view of your affairs eighteen months ago," returned Evan, with a contemptuous smile.

"As it happens, I have to do with you and your plans in the present instance, in order to guide me in my own proceedings.

"I ask you again, what have you been doing since you left Oxford, and what do you propose to do?"

Allnutt again colored deeply, and emptied the glass before him, ere he replied, "'Tis soon told, Evan.

"I managed to get an under-mastership at an orphan college, where I stayed nearly a year; then I left.

"And till about three months since I was completely adrift.

"Then the lawyer of the village where I was staying offered me the situation of tutor to his four boys, at thirty pounds per annum and my meals, which meals are a scanty breakfast and dinner, and worse tea.

"I was there when your letter came, and got three days' leave, as you bade me. But I daresay they will be deducted from my salary."

"Never mind, man, we'll make it up, and you shall have something to fatten you in the meantime," said Evan.

"But, listen; I want you to do me a little service."

"What?" demanded Allnutt, and the tone and look were rather uncomplimentary for they implied some doubt of nature of what might be required of him.

"I told you, just now," said Evan, "it was better for you not to be in orders.

"But if you've a fancy for the calling, I daresay I can ensure you a decent maintenance compared to your present starvation pittance, always provided you are wise enough not to quarrel with your bread and butter."

"On what terms?" demanded Allnutt.

"You are neither more trusting nor more courteous since we parted, Master Allnutt," said Evan, with a forced smile.

"On what terms?

"Why, the very easy ones of practicing one of the duties of your new calling a little beforehand, that's all."

Allnutt remained silent, but his eyes were fixed keenly on the face of his companion.

"I mean, in plain English, going over the marriage ceremony for the benefit of myself and the prettiest little dove in the kingdom," continued Evan.

"Evan Lloyd!" exclaimed Allnutt, fairly starting from his seat.

"I never believed you to be a villain before, and I cannot think you are in earnest now."

Again the scoruful, mocking look came on Evan's handsome face.

"Charity, my good fellow, charity becomes an embryo clergyman," he said.

"You might, I think, suspend your judgment a little when a true friend is concerned.

"I am not quite the amiable character you made out.

"I am in earnest.

"What's more, I am determinded.

"Fill your glass, Allnutt, and you shall hear."

The young man slowly obeyed, his keen glance fixed from time to time on Evan's face.

"Now, then, for my story," said the latter, as the glasses were again replenished.

"You must know, Allnutt, that I have considerably annoyed and vexed my respectable father by not starting your vocation for the Church, and refusing to go into its holy pale.

"I prefer instead the common-place but more free and profitable calling of a flax manufacturer, and I am to start as such, with tolerably good prospects, the first day of the new year.

"You will suppose my worthy father is in no humor for any further concessions, and not very likely to agree to any apparently imprudent marriage.

"Now I have unluckily fallen desperately in love with a lovely little creature, the daughter of a farmer in our part, and I can't and won't give her up."

"And you want to deceive her, and your father also; is that it, Lloyd?"

"Wynn, if you please," said he.

"Not exactly deceive," he added.

"I only want to make matters secure. If I persuade both my little beauty and my good father that a marriage has already taken place, it will, at some future time, enable me to accomplish what I should otherwise fail in doing.

"Winifred would be brought under the influence of a precise, high-minded, unbending father, and a detestable, fussy, grumbling, butter and cheese-making mother, and my own father would refuse to sanction such a misalliance.

"But if I can secure her as my supposed wife, by the mere ceremony having passed between us, and if my father hears that she is bound to me on the same terms, I shall have little difficulty in accomplishing what I want.

"Now do you see?"

"I do not trust you, Evan," said Allnutt.

"I could not trust any man who would begin by risking the reputation and the honor of the woman he loved, and win his father's consent by a trick and a subterfuge."

"You talk thus to me, Henry Allnutt!" he exclaimed.

"You pretend to advocate honor and morality, and to shrink from deceit and dishonor.

"But, as people say, the devil can quote Scripture."

Allnutt flushed crimson, and started up with a clenched hand and flashing eyes.

Then he sank back again in his chair and covered his face.

"The taunt may be deserved," he said; "but no.

"I was weak, imprudent, and criminal; but I was drawn on from one thing to another by the press of circumstances and the dread of shame.

"I did not, in cold blood, and for my own selfish ends, plan to ruin and deceive those I loved most.

"Evan Lloyd, degraded as I am, you are fallen beneath me now."

"Hardly," said the young man, preserving his outward calmness, though his face and lips turned very white; "hardly, while I have you completely in my power.

"Have you forgotten what I know, what I can prove, what is still in my possession?

"Think a little, Harry Allnutt, before you defy me.

"Before you wantonly throw away my friendship and my wish to serve you even yet."

The young man did think, and his strong features worked convulsively with the violence of the inward struggle.

He once more drained his glass, and Evan perceived that the hand which held it shook visibly as he raised it to his lips.

There was a pause of some minutes; then Evan spoke more gently than before.

"Listen to me, Allnutt," said he.

"I pledge you my word, that if you do me this good turn, there shall be no cause whatever for reproach or repentance on your part.

"I assure you, on the honor of a man, that I have no other end in view than to ensure the future happiness of this young girl.

"Moreover, I can prove to you that this marriage will ultimately be more to her advantage than my own."

"I don't know—who can tell?" said Allnutt, rather as if thinking aloud than speaking to his companion.

"Complimentary that.

"But I can stand a good deal, when 'tis a matter of business," laughed Evan.

His keen wit quickly perceived the advantage he was gaining.

"Hesitation is ruin, in some cases, to men as well as women.

"You will naturally ask what is to be your reward for the trouble you will have in the affair?" he continued.

"What should you say to a sufficient sum down to get you into orders, and all the interest I can command with our dean afterwards?

"Will that satisfy you?"

"There is only one boon I can ever be satisfied with," replied Allnutt, in a low, hoarse tone—

"Only one thing that can restore me to peace, and—no, no—not to happiness, but to content.

"You can guess what that is very easy, Evan."

"Not I.

"I have no taste for conundrums," said the young man, impatiently.

"Speak out, man.

"Don't be afraid."

"The restoration of what you have in your possession," replied Allnutt more firmly.

"That is what I mean, and the only thing I wish for."

"Pon my word, Allnutt," said Evan, with a faint attempt as a laugh, "you either think me very green, or so desperately in love, that I am ready to sacrifice and risk everything to manage this little affair.

"You are out in your reckoning, Master Allnutt, or else you play a bold game, and throw out a salmon to catch a gudgeon.

"No, no.

"I'm not going to give up the only hold I have on your secrecy and support, before I know whether I shall want them.

"Anything but that I am ready to listen to; at least, anything in reason."

"And you mean to hold that as a noose over my head for life?" said Allnutt, the crimson flush again mounting over his features.

"Better have faced the worst at once than to live in such slow torture all one's days."

"As you please: it is not too late," said Evan coolly.

But the fierce, desperate look that came on the harsh features of his companion warned him to forbear.

"Come, come, Allnutt," he continued, "don't be a fool, and I'll tell you what I am ready to do for you.

"I will, as I said before, give you the means of present and future prosperity, and it will ease your tender conscience, I don't mind throwing into the bargain a promise that, as soon as my affairs are permanently and satisfactorily settled, I will do what you wish.

"But till I am safe myself, you can hardly think me such a fool as to give up every hold upon you."

"And if I refuse?" said Allnutt.

"You put disagreeable questions, Allnutt," said Evan.

"Can't you imagine yourself the unpleasant alternative to which you would drive me, and which you seemed to rather regret just now?

"Perhaps you would not find it at all a jesting matter if you should get into the 'noose,' as I think you called it."

Allnutt turned very pale, or rather livid, as the last words were meaningly pronounced in Evan's clear, cold tones.

"You are hasty, Evan," said he; "you forget that this is all a fresh idea to me, and you must confess not a very agreeable one.

"Give me a few hours to think it over, and then I will decide."

"Well, I'm not unreasonable," said Evan.

"You'll sleep here to-night.

"We will talk of this again to-morrow at breakfast time, and I shall want the whole affair polished off the day after.

"There will be no difficulty about that."

"But what will you do for a special licence?" asked Allnutt, a peculiar expression crossing his face as he spoke.

"That will be soon arranged when you have made up your mind," replied Evan.

"I've provided against all that, you may be sure.

"At least, enough to satisfy my little mountain blossom.

"Another glass?"

"No, no more," said the young man, rising.

"I'll go to bed now, and in the morning you shall have my answer."

The large, old-fashioned candlesticks were lighted, and the companions (not friends) separated for the night.

Allnutt did not fail to notice the strange anxiety of Evan Lloyd to ensure his comfort by assigning him the inner and better furnished room; nor did he fail to attribute it to the right cause.

"He thinks I might be missing in the morning," he murmured bitterly: "but if I were, better perhaps, for myself and this poor girl.

"And yet, if he can be trusted—and I never knew him false to his word, though he is heartlessly merciless when he has power.

"Well, I must think, and try to get some sleep.

"I shall be more cool in the morning to think and decide."

It must have been the result of a long course of adversity and consequent endurance which enabled Harry Allnutt to sleep that night.

It was long ere his neighbor's eyes were closed in slumber.

CHAPTER V.

ABOUT five o'clock in the afternoon of the following day, a bevy of young girls, of ages varying from ten years to seventeen, were returning from a stroll in the fields, and forming somewhat into regular order on gaining the more frequented road, or rather wide lane, which led to their abode.

But, though Miss Lee's young ladies were under very tolerable and decorous control, and the head teacher who accompanied them on this occasion was a lady of sober demeanor, we need not picture them as walking in the painful line of march to which the school girls in Clapham and other suburbs of the metropolis are (doubtless most properly) confined.

The elder girls especially were grouped most carelessly together, either in little parties of two and threes, or even sometimes with one walking slightly apart from the rest.

Winifred Herbert was, possibly from accident, thus alone for the moment.

And the quiet step, the downcast eyes, and modest demeanor of the girl, fully justified Miss Scott in leaving her fairest pupil somewhat to her own devices, or rather to her own good pleasure, on the occasion.

The party were thus sauntering quietly home, in happy consciousness of being in excellent time for the punctual tea-bell, when an old woman, with flowers in a large basket, appeared suddenly from a turn in the path.

"Will you buy some flowers, my pretty ladies?" she said, in a not unpleasing voice, very sonorous and firm for one so bent and infirm.

"I have gathered them in the woods and fields and my own little patch of garden, to help pay my rent to-morrow."

The elder girls looked admiringly at the gay profusion of colors and blossoms thus humbly described, and the younger with the pity of innocent childhood on the poor dress and trembling hands of the suppliant.

Many a hand was extended for one of the little nosegays, but Winifred Herbert stood motionless, and, as it seemed, unheeding, somewhat behind her companions.

The flower-woman rapidly dismissed her younger patrons with a liberal return of lovely flowers for the pence they produced and then slowly approached the young girl who had been the only one regardless of her petition.

"Won't you help the poor suppliant, young lady?" said the woman.

"You don't look as if you had a hard heart, and would refuse to save a fellow-creature from misery, worse than you can believe."

The old dame had so managed as to place herself between her new customer and the rest of the girls, who were engrossed with their lovely bouquets, and even Miss Scott was wondering at the exceeding beauty of a white fuchsia offered her by the beggar.

It was well that their engrossment prevented their observing the vivid color which rushed over the fair cheek of Winifred Herbert, or the earnest look which suddenly flashed from the upraised eyes of the old woman—eyes till now concealed under a deep poke bonnet.

Winifred mechanically extended her hand.

A large and beautiful nosegay was placed in it, and, as it seemed, something else, for the trembling fingers were closed tightly together the moment after, and then, after a furtive, hasty, glance around, placed in the folds of her dress.

The mendicant now walked slowly away, muttering thanks and blessings on the youthful patronesses.

And Miss Scott, collecting her charges together, urged them to greater speed to make up for the unexpected delay.

Winifred lingered for a few moments behind her companions when they descended to obey the tea-bell, and hastily taking from her dress a small note, tore it open, and read as follows:

"DARLING WINNY,—Be prepared for anything that may happen, and confirm my statement.

"I have arranged everything for to-morrow morning; but you shall be guarded from the slightest breath of suspicion.

"Your devoted "EVAN."

"Miss Herbert—Miss Herbert!" resounded through the house, and the young girl ran hastily down the stairs and met the gentle reproof of her governess for being late, especially when the hour was already beyond the usual time.

The unusually bright bloom, however, pleaded her excuse, being accepted as a proof that she had made all haste in her toilette, and immediately afterwards the usual book for reading aloud at tea was produced and begun.

Poor Winifred could not have told whether it was Don Quixote or Rollin's History, Greek or Hebrew, that was being read that evening, and was at last forced to plead a headache as her excuse for her absence of mind and stupidity.

The same state of nervous tremor which thus affected her on the previous evening produced a precisely contrary effect on the following morning.

She was unusually gay and animated—talked and jested during breakfast with a vivacity all unlike her usual gentle placidity.

But the food on her plate remained nearly untouched, though she drank the tea before her with eagerness, and her hand was burning with feverish agitation, in spite of her efforts to conceal her excitement from observation.

The studies of the morning were just commencing, and Winifred half hoped, half feared, that her lover had failed in accomplishing his project.

Oh, the strange inconsistency of woman's heart!

But a few moments before, and the girl had trembled, and the young heart beat tumultuously at the idea of the rash step which she had been, after long entreaties and prayers, and half-veiled threats, made to promise to take.

And now, as the time wore on, and no sign of her lover, or any one connected with him, was given, she began waywardly to doubt and fear, and wonder whether he had repented, or forgotten, or learned to distrust his own feelings, now that the irrevocable step was about to be taken.

She had tried for the third time to fix her attention on the unimpeachable English history which was the first morning's lesson when a ring at the bell made her start so violently as to cause the book she held to drop from her hand.

"Dear me, Miss Herbert, what is the matter?

"I hope you don't mean to indulge nervous fancies.

"There is nothing so utterly contemptible in young ladies," observed Miss Scott. "Pray go on at once; we are already late in our lessons."

Before Winifred could attempt to obey, which, indeed, it was extremely doubtful she could have succeeded in accomplishing, the door opened, and that "Miss Herbert was wanted immediately in the drawing-room," was announced by the prim servant of Miss Lee.

The young girl strove to rise quietly, and walk to the door with a decent appearance of composure and indifference, but when she was once on the other side of the formidable doors of that apartment of schoolgirl penance, she paused, and leaning against the threshold, placed her hand on her heart, and tried in vain to still its violent throbbings.

She augured but too certainly that it was to meet her lover, or some messenger from him, that she was summoned.

The crisis was come—the turning-point of her fate.

The moment which was to decide her life's destiny had arrived.

Thoughts of her father, of the kind, generous Sir William, of the gentle, maternal Lady Lloyd, and of the sweet Lucy, rushed into her mind in that brief moment of delay.

Could she deceive them all—prove herself unworthy their affection, their trust—meet in some future day their and reproach their averted looks, their withdrawn love and esteem?

For a moment she resolved to draw back, even at that last hour, and refuse to sanction or confirm any scheme of Evan's which was

about to be put in action; but then the remembrance of her handsome, fascinating devoted lover—of the happiness of being made irrevocably his own—of passing her future life with him, and yet more forcibly of the promise which he had drawn from her, vanquished every scruple.

The die was cast.

With a strong effort at calmness, so far as outward seeming went, but with limbs trembling, and a heart now beating violently, now almost stopping with the overpowering agitation she strove to suppress, Winifred walked across the hall, and opened the door of the state apartment of "The Cedars."

It was a prim and carefully decorated room, with chairs and sofa that looked as if they were nailed to the floor, and the tables were covered with show books and ornaments, distributed with mathematical precision at great distances.

In fact, it reminded one more of the best parlors in the Dutch village, so humorously described by poor Albert Smith, than any modern English drawing-room.

But Winifred saw none of these familiar objects, nor heeded even the stately presence of Miss Lee, in all the dignity of a "morning reception."

Her eyes glanced eagerly for the expected and dearly loved figure of her betrothed—though on what pretext he could have called for her in her present nun-like abode, she would have found it difficult to say.

The visitor, who sat at a decorous distance from the tall governess, and who rose at once on the entrance of the fair young girl, was very different from the handsome Evan Lloyd; and yet, thanks to a handsome enough clerical coat, a clean cravat collar, a well-shaven face, and well-brushed hair Henry Allnutt made a far more creditable appearance than he did on the previous evening.

Plain he must always look, even repulsive to a young and romantic girl like Winifred Herbert.

But still, there was talent and determination in the strong features, and a something in the whole bearing which marked him as a gentleman.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Pirate Gow.

BY HENRY FRITH.

YES, sir; I am, as you say, of a good old age—ninety-two come August, and hale and hearty for my years.

I've gone through a deal of tear and wear in my time, sir, served my king and country by land and sea under the immortal Nelson, and remember Trafalgar as though it were yesterday.

Do I come of a long-lived race?

Well, father he was drowned when a young man.

But grandfather lived to be ninety-eight.

Did grandfather know anything about Gow the Pirate?

That he did.

Wasn't he servant to Mr. James Fea of Eday, who captured the buccaneer?

I wish I had a crown for every time old grand-dad told me the story of the capture.

Will I tell you the story?

Gladly, your honor; but if you'll allow me, I've got the whole account as written by grandfather himself; here it is, and you can read it for yourself.

I was born in 1703, in a little cothouse in the island of Eday, in the Orkneys.

We were fisher-folks, my father being a tenant of Mr. Fea, who owned part of the island.

The young laird—Mr. James, we called him—was fond of fishing; and when living at Carrick House—his father's residence in Eday—used often to go out in the boat with father and me.

I dearly loved Mr. James.

He was a gentleman every inch of him; open-handed and handsome, brave as a lion with the sunniest smile you ever saw.

Such was the young master ere his troubles came upon him.

It was a proud day for me when he asked if I should care to be his servant.

Of course I cared.

I remember telling him I would willingly follow him to the world's end.

He laughed in his pleasant way, remarking that at present all he required of me was to follow him to Carrick House.

Those were happy days!

I loved my master dearly, and small blame to me, for he paid liberally, and, what I valued far more, talked to me sometimes as though I were a friend, rather than a servant.

The master liked society, and usually spent the winter months in Kirkwall and Stromness, often riding from one town to the other, fair weather or foul, when a ball was afoot; and back again next day to another dance at the place he had left.

In each of these places Mr. James had rooms of his own, and a spare wardrobe.

Mr. James had never been in love—seriously, I mean; though of course he had had his passing fancies, like most young gentlemen.

But the time drew near when he was to know what real love meant.

It was the year of 1724; and my master had been invited to a ball at Stromness, given by a gentleman whose daughter had just returned from France.

You see, the young ladies of those days were educated in French convents, and were sent home with quite grand airs.

I remember Mr. James remarking, as we rode together through the blinding snow, scarce able to keep the track, so dark was the afternoon—'Ned,' says he, with a laugh "there's a saying, the Mounseers are half-monkey half-tiger; but I hope they have made Miss Hilda neither the one or the other.

She was such a dear little thing before she crossed the Channel!"

I said I believed Miss Hilda was far too sweet a young lady to be spoiled by the Mounseers.

The master laughed, clapped spurs to his horse; and away we went, dashing past farmhouses where the good folks held high festival.

And until presently we were clattering through the streets of Stromness, and had pulled up at the little hostelry.

I don't think Mr. James ever showed to greater advantage than he did that evening entering the ballroom with the air of a lord.

He looked so noble, his eyes the color of the blue ribbon confining the golden love-locks which strayed over his velvet coat, on the breast of which bloomed the white rose, emblem of the exiled king.

With sword on thigh and head uncovered he walked to the end of the room to greet the host and hostess, and renew his acquaintance with Miss Hilda.

The next thing I saw was my young master leading out Miss Hilda to the minuet. Quite a buzz of admiration arose as they paced through the courtly dance; she, fair as a lily, dainty and sweet; he, grand handsome, like the the sea-kings whose blood flowed in his veins.

Mr. James had intended returning to Kirkwall the day after the ball; but he lingered for many weeks in Stromness; and wherever Miss Hilda went, there my master was sure to be; they had so much in common—beauty, youth, and health, besides an ardent attachment to the Stuarts, for the lady also wore the white rose.

Time passed, and my master's passion for this lovely young lady continued to increase.

But though she liked his society and accepted his homage, she did not altogether return his love.

Mr. James was blind; he could not see that the love was mostly all on his side; yet he shrank from putting his fate to the test.

All this I gathered from my dear master's behavior.

One day there came a letter from his lawyer, begging him to ride at once to Kirkwall to settle some business matters.

He stood twisting the letter about in his hands, and I heard him mutter: "I will act the coward no longer!"

Then observing me: "Ha, Ned, lad, are you there?

"'Tis a case of mount and ride; so bring the horses to the door within the hour;" and as he spoke, he strode from the room, and I saw him pass down the street in the direction of Miss Hilda's home.

It was with a heavy heart that I saddled the horses and brought them round, for I expected to see Mr. James returning the picture of despair.

But no: in a few minutes he returned all smiles, joked me about my lugubrious face sprung into the saddle, and cantered gaily down the street.

I followed, wondering what had wrought this sudden change in his behavior; but the mystery was solved when I saw Miss Hilda at her window kissing her hand to my gallant master, who doffed his hat to the lady with such a glad light in his eyes as I had not seen for many a day.

So we fared merrily to Kirkwall, Mr. James singing a gay French song.

Presently, he laughed, and said; "Well, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, how goes it with you now?

"Ah, I'm pleased to see a smile on your grim visage, the rather that I have pleasant news for you.

"I'm the happiest man in Orkney, Ned.

"Miss Hilda has promised to be my wife.

"I am not worthy of her; but, please God, I shall try my best to become a better man."

And as if thinking on the past and the future, he fell into a reverie, which lasted till we rode into Kirkwall town.

In the autumn, my master was obliged to go to Caithness on business; and I, as usual, accompanied him.

We were only absent a fortnight.

But on our return to Stromness we found great changes had taken place in the interval.

The war-ship *Revenge* lay in the harbor; her crew paraded the streets or thronged the taverns.

Mr. James found Miss Hilda surrounded by a group of officers, conspicuous amongst whom was the commander of the *Revenge*, Captain Gow.

Had you searched the world over, you could not have found a greater contrast to my master than the captain.

The former was fair, with a countenance open as the day; the latter, dark, black-bearded, and swarthy.

He was indeed handsome after a fashion, and always dressed richly, usually wearing a crimson velvet coat laced with gold, and the finest ruffles.

But there was something uncanny about the man.

He always appeared to be acting some part.

Probably, Mr. James felt this, for he gave him but a curt welcome when introduced by Miss Hilda.

It was the fashion at this time to rave about the handsome commander of the *Revenge*—my master alone denied him his friendship.

And Miss Hilda?

She seemed glamored by the bold sea-rover, yet she was kind as ever to her betrothed.

He could not shut his eyes, however, to the fact of her evident preference for Captain Gow, with whom he would have picked a quarrel, had not the lady, divining the thought, made him promise to keep the peace for her sake.

I knew Mr. James was racking his brains to devise some plan to get rid of Gow, and it occurred to me I might help him.

Hitherto, I had kept aloof from the crew of the *Revenge*; but now I resolved to mix with them, and try if—when the drink was in and the wit out—I could not hear something which might serve my master; for I hardly believed Captain Gow's statement that he was a post-captain in His Majesty's navy.

My investigations were successful.

I learned from one of the crew, in a fit of drunken confidence, that his commander was what he called a Free Lance, a sort of sea pirate.

I made haste to impart this information to my master, who exclaimed:

"Ah! a felon, is he?" adding: "But he shall not be condemned without very good evidence.

"I shall write to a friend in London, and ask if Gow's name appears in the Navy List."

The letter was despatched; and in the meantime Mr. James bore as well as he could the rover's openly expressed admiration for his betrothed.

My master received an answer to his letter in due course.

No such name as Gow, wrote his correspondent, appeared in the Navy List; but all Europe was ringing with tales of the atrocities perpetrated on the high seas by one John Gow, a pirate commanding a ship called the *Revenge*.

I was in the stable when my master appeared at the door looking pale and disturbed.

"Saddle the horses, Ned—quick!" said he.

"We must be in Kirkwall within two hours."

Mr. James called a meeting of gentlemen at Kirkwall, and laid before them the letter he had received.

There was great consternation.

But nobody seemed disposed to assume the offensive.

They would watch the course of events and do nothing rashly.

Meantime, Mr. Fea might devise some plan for the capture of the buccaneers, and he was always sure of their warmest co-operation in any feasible scheme, etc.

My master laughed bitterly when he related the result of the meeting to me.

"It's the old story, Ned," said he; "nobody wishes to bell the cat; but mark me, I will!"

We went to Eday next day.

The master immediately assembled the tenants, apprised them of the danger they ran of being harried out of house and holding, inviting them to muster daily at Carrick House for instruction in sword-exercise, so that they might not be quite defenceless in the event of an invasion by the pirates.

Spies were despatched to Stromness to watch Gow's movements, and report accordingly.

Meantime the young laird of Eday labored night and day perfecting the country-folk in the use of their weapons.

News came thick and fast.

Gow had thrown off the mask, and was marauding far and wide.

Why he spared us, I know not; perhaps Miss Hilda had something to say to it.

It was a day never to be forgotten, when, one foggy Saturday morning, the tenants came hurrying in from all parts of the island with the astounding intelligence that the *Revenge* was ashore not very far from Carrick House and breaking up rapidly.

We started immediately.

Arrived upon the scene of the disaster, we found the utmost confusion prevailing.

Boats plied between the ship and shore, carrying off provisions and valuables from the vessel, for the *Revenge* was rapidly breaking up.

Captain Gow stood on the beach directing operations.

Round him were grouped his officers and the majority of the crew, all armed.

At our approach, they raised a shout and levelled their muskets, but our young master rode forward fearlessly, calling upon Gow to surrender in the king's name.

The pirate laughed scornfully.

He would surrender to no man, he said.

At this moment, a shot from one of the sailors' muskets brought our leader's horse to the ground.

Disentangling himself from the dying animal, he waved his sword, shouting "Charge!"

We exchanged shots with the pirates, then, led by the young laird, rushed upon them.

After firing our muskets, most of us clubbed them and began dealing blows right and left.

Our gallant leader fought his way to where Gow stood, and again summoned him to surrender.

For answer, his antagonist snapped a pistol in his face, which happily missed fire, and then attacked him with his sharp sword.

But at the instant a stray shot struck the pirate's up-lifted arm, causing it to drop powerless by his side.

The sailors and officers perceiving the condition of their chief, threw down their arms in token of submission.

And Gow, recognizing the folly of further resistance, sullenly surrendered himself.

We formed a hollow square; the prisoners were placed inside, and in this order marched to Carrick House, where they were accommodated with lodgings in the barn—their chief being locked up in the strong-room.

Before night, all the stragglers from the wreck were brought in by the patrols, and sent to join their friends in the barn.

Sentries were posted round the building, to prevent escape.

All though that Saturday night and Sunday the smiths labored incessantly forging fetters for the pirates.

On Monday morning, boats were got ready to convey them to Kirkwall.

And linked together two by two, they were marched down to the shore and placed on board the boats.

Their chief frowned darkly when he passed my master on the beach, but he did not speak, and preserved a moody silence all the way to Kirkwall.

After lying for some time in the county jail, the pirates were sent to London to stand their trial.

Mr. James and I followed to give evidence.

Some of the crew were pardoned, also one of the lieutenants; but Gow was sentenced to be hanged.

I went to see the execution.

The pirate appeared on the scaffold dressed in a scarlet coat laced with gold, looking so gallant, that the people cheered him. As he glanced around, his eye rested on me, and he scowled.

With a mocking smile, he resigned himself to the executioner.

I covered my face with my hands, for my nerves gave way, and I never looked up till I heard the crowd dispersing.

Two days after the execution, as I sauntered along the Strand, a closely veiled lady approached, put a letter into my hand, and before I could speak, disappeared among the crowd.

I recognised her even in her disguise; it was poor Hilda.

The letter was addressed to Mr. James. Later, I learded how the poor lady had come to London, hoping to see her lover.

She was too late.

He had been executed the day before her arrival.

It is said he left a letter in which he begged her to pray for the repose of his soul; and that, in compliance with his last wish, she proceeded to France, where she entered a convent and took the veil.

Whether such was her fate, I know not; for from the time I saw her in the Strand, she disappeared utterly, and I could never learn any tidings of her.

I blame Miss Hilda's letter for a very serious illness contracted by Mr. James at this time.

He fell ill very soon after reading it, and in his delirium raved about her cruelty in calling him a murderer.

I suppose the poor lady, distracted at the dreadful fate of her lover, and consequently seeing things in a distorted light, had accused my master of being his destroyer.

I was glad when Mr. James recovered sufficiently to return to Orkney.

His native breezes quite restored his strength; but he never entirely recovered his spirits.

Misfortune dogged his footsteps—bad harvests and interminable lawsuits wasted his patrimony, and made an old man of him before his time.

After some years, he married a sweet, gentle, little lady, who worshipped him; children were born to them.

Had it not been for pecuniary anxieties, his life would have been a very happy one.

My story is nearly done.

Mr. James was out in the "Forty-five," and I shared with him the glories of the campaign, ay, and the defeats too.

I weep when I think of Culloden, and the gallant young Prince wandering homeless and unfed, hunted like a wild beast in the land of his forefathers.

I lived to see him laid in the grave, long years after and his estates pass into the hands of strangers.

Then I went to Portsmouth, to live with my boy Charley; for Orkney was never the same to me after James was gone.

PURE BY EXCELLENCE.—A religious agitation of a very singular character is manifesting itself in some counties of the Grand Duchy of Finland. The new heretics call themselves the "Pure by Excellence," and profess the superiority and supremacy of woman, who must control the family. In every house where the new doctrines are practiced a woman elected by her companions, is invested with a sort of directing power, which gives her the right to inflict penance and even rigorous chastisement. The new creed requires that all its disciples shall confess their sins to certain women at least once a week.

THE WHITE HOUSE CLOCK.—There is a beautiful clock with an interesting history in the White House. It is of alabaster, surmounted by a statuette of the Muse of History, and it has ticked in the White House time out of mind, for it was a present from Bonaparte to Lafayette, who gave it in turn to Washington, who decreed that it should be handed down to his successors in the Presidential office. And so while the Presidents come and go, the clock ticks on, and tells its tale of time to all alike impartially.

Tried and True.

BY RANDALL W. BAYLE.

I WON'T!—I shan't!—and nothing will make me!"

These words came from a young girl who looked a perfect little fury as she rushed out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

The sole remaining occupant of the library, a white-haired old gentleman, sat motionless, as if turned to stone, with a bewildered expression on his handsome face.

He had spoiled Molly from babyhood, and ought to have been prepared for the consequences; on the contrary, with a man's stupidity, he expected her to be obedient and submissive whenever a serious matter was involved.

"I have always considered her comfort, and now she must consider mine," was the burden of his thoughts.

"Saucy chit! if she does not know what's good for her she must be taught!"

In fact, Sir John was as thoroughly put out as his easy-going nature allowed.

Still, he was too fond of Molly not to have relented if he had seen her grief.

She had flown at once to her favorite haunt, a retired part of the glen, where, even in the act of giving way to her lamentations, she felt soothed by the grand solitude of her surroundings.

She had always considered her father the dearest old man in the world, but, of course, his present conduct showed he was an ogre, who cared nothing for his child's happiness.

Molly's tears fell faster and faster, as her lively imagination pictured herself immured in the solitude of a subterranean dungeon, whose only means of communication with the outer world was a grating through which Sir John daily demanded her complete submission.

"Yield, maiden; bow thy haughty neck!" she imagined her father saying, in a stern whisper, as far removed as possible from his ordinary cheery tones, when suddenly the comic side of the picture dawned upon her, and her tears were succeeded by a burst of silvery laughter, as she realized the utter impossibility of a mediæval dungeon in her beautiful home.

"I am so glad to hear you laugh again. I thought you had turned into a perfect Niobe," said a reproachful voice.

"I did not know you indulged in the luxury of tears—idle tears."

Looking up quickly at the handsome young man who was bending tenderly over her, Molly blushed as she realized what a picture of woe she must have presented.

She soon recovered herself, however, and welcoming the new-comer, laughingly remarked, "Now you have come I will forget all my troubles, and smile at grief, like that aggravating 'Patience on a monument,' old nurse used to be so fond of quoting at me."

"No, Miss Graham," said the young man, sinking lazily on the ground at her feet; "your gaiety might deceive others, but not me.

"Do let me try and help you?"

Thus entreated, Molly, reading aright the eager sympathy in the merry face that was looking up at her, began to unfold the story of her woes.

Plunging boldly in, her tale was at first a rather confused jumble, in which her father's cruelty, unwelcome lovers, and the hollowness of life seemed hopelessly entangled.

A little judicious questioning, however, soon brought out the following tale.

She had always known that as she had been unfortunate enough to be born a mere girl, her father's estates would at his death pass to a distant unknown cousin, a certain John Graham.

Molly had never considered how this would influence her future.

Indeed, she had never thought of the future at all except in dim visions of "wonderful wooing and the grace of tears."

She was startled one day by being summoned to the library, and informed by her father, in the most everyday tone, that her unknown cousin was coming to visit them, and she was to prepare herself to receive him as her future husband.

Molly, horrified at such a shattering of all her girlish romance, could only gaze in open-eyed surprise at her father, who had never once thwarted his motherless child, but who now impressed on her the absolute necessity of this loveless marriage.

His estates, he told her, were too heavily mortgaged to admit of his saving anything for her; and his cousin, who had a large fortune, would restore the old place to more than its original splendor, and assure her future by making her its mistress.

Encouraged by Molly's silence, Sir John went on to tell how for years he had dreamt of this marriage, and to enlarge his joy and surprise at receiving a letter from the heir, asking his permission to become a suitor for Molly's hand.

"I wrote at once, telling him to come to-morrow, and pay us a long visit," said Sir John, complacently.

This announcement was too much for Molly's composure, and, as we have already seen, she dismayed her father by passionately informing him that she would never marry her cousin.

The story finished, a silence sunk on the two young people.

Jack Grey looked strangely triumphant as he gazed at her so eagerly; he seemed to be drinking in every detail of the lovely picture.

At last Jack spoke, going straight to the point in his usual abrupt fashion.

"Molly, will you marry me?"

For answer, Molly simply slipped her hand into his.

Holding her hand in his firm grasp, Jack tried to set clearly before her all the disadvantages of a marriage with him.

Molly waited patiently till he had finished, and then, smiling straight into his eyes, murmured, "But, Jack, I love you, and love shall still be lord of all."

"What a sell this will be for your proud cousin!" said Jack. "Don't you picture him a hideous little red-haired man, with a squint?"

"No, dear," replied Molly, calmly; "I am certain he is tall and gloomy, just like my pet aversion, Roderick Dhu, in the 'Lady of the Lake.'"

"I am sorry you object to tall men," said Jack, huffily; "but I will do my best to oblige you by at once beginning to cultivate a stoop."

"Jack, how can you?" retorted Molly. "You know I would not have you an inch shorter—not for millions!"

Jack's merry laugh rang through the glen as he busied himself fitting his big signet-ring on to Molly's little finger, and she occupied herself by fastening her gold locket on to his guard, informing him with great solemnity that it was a troth-plight.

Molly's acquaintance with Jack Gray dated only a few weeks back. She had come upon him one day sketching in the glen, and had gleefully acceded to his request to be allowed to introduce her into his picture.

Day after day they met, and spent the summer hours in happy idleness, careless of the fact that the little god Eros watched over their intercourse, and had lodged one of his tiny arrows in each of their hearts.

Juliet's beautiful words about parting being "sweet sorrow" danced in Molly's head, as, after saying good-bye to Jack, she raced across the park to the house.

She found Sir John gloomily pacing up and down the drawing-room.

It was not till the footman had left the room, and Sir John was steeped in the after-dinner sensations of charity towards mankind, which generally ended in a comfortable nap, that Molly ventured to address him.

Her tale was soon whispered into his ear, and at its close Molly hid her face in his breast, saying coaxingly, "Now father, you will forgive me, and not talk any more of that horrid cousin."

"All that is at an end," said Sir John, coldly; "you have showed me you are no fit wife for him.

"Deeply as you have disappointed me, I do not blame you so much as the man who has stolen your affections.

"Never mention him again, but understand once for all that I will never consent to your marriage with him."

Calmly Molly employed all the pretty arts of coaxing of which she was mistress.

Sir John was obdurate—a marble statue could not have been less moved by her entreaties.

For the second time that day she left her father's presence in floods of tears.

* * * * * *

The next morning dawned bright and beautiful—a morning after Molly's own heart.

She had often declared that staying indoors in fine weather was sinful, yet to-day she remained shut up in her darkened room.

Some stray sunbeams crept in through the closed venetians, bringing with them a faint indescribable fragrance, which came from the magnificent *Gloire de Dijon* which grew underneath her window.

No trace of sunshine was on Molly's face as she reclined with closed eyes in her own particular rocking-chair.

Her thoughts were tinged by the deepest gloom as she mentally contrasted the two arrivals expected that day.

The welcome and bustle pervading the house related only to the first—her rich, prosperous cousin.

The carriage at the station, the open gates, the obsequious servants, were for him; not for her lover, who, because poor, must arrive unwelcomed, and would leave with commands never to return.

Molly's ready tears began to fall as she remembered Jack's triumphant assurance, that having gained her love he had nothing to fear.

He would learn that wealth, not love, is the golden key that opens the world.

The sound of wheels, borne in through the open window, made Molly cover her face with her hands, resisting, as disloyalty to Jack, the feminine impulse to take a peep at Jack's rival.

Tick! tick! went the clock.

How slowly the time dragged on, as Molly rocked herself to and fro, picturing the interview in the library.

She was disturbed by a hasty knock, of which she took no notice, till her father's voice made her jump up hastily and open the door.

Sir John looked very grave as he silently placed in her hand the locket she had given Jack the day before as a love-token.

"Oh, father! why did you make him give it back?" sobbed Molly.

"I liked to think he had something of mine."

"Have done trifling, and speak sensibly, if you can," said her father, sternly.

"Your cousin, Mr. Graham, insists upon an interview, on the grounds that you sent him this locket by way of encouragement to his suit.

"He is such a handsome young fellow, no girl in her senses could help fancying him!"

Here Molly, who had grown pale with terror at the idea of her locket in the hands of the enemy, managed to gasp out, "He must have murdered Jack, and stolen it!"

"I should not much blame him, if by Jack you mean the young vagabond who has been making love to you on the sly.

"However, as it is extremely unlikely he has done anything of the kind you had better come down and ask him for an explanation."

So saying, Sir John left the room, and Molly, hardly waiting to smooth her ruffled locks, hurried after him.

She ran down-stairs two at a time, but when she reached the library she was seized with such a fit of nervousness that she stood trembling for some minutes before she summoned enough courage to open the door.

She entered so noiselessly as to be unobserved by the two men who stood in a distant window.

The dreaded cousin was gazing eagerly at the view, as if learning it by heart.

The unreasoning dislike with which Molly had always thought of him changed to suppressed excitement.

She could not see his face; but there was something strangely familiar in the set of his head, and in his easy, careless attitude.

Molly's heart beat almost to suffocation as she stood motionless at the door, unable to move or speak.

She felt as if she were in a nightmare, in which Jack and her cousin had got hopelessly mixed up, and she herself was sinking down, without either of them being willing to help her.

How long the dreadful silence lasted she never knew.

It seemed hours before her cousin remarked, impatiently, "Does Miss Molly never mean to come!"

At these words everything seemed to be swimming round and round, and, with a cry of "Jack!" Molly fell senseless on the floor.

When she recovered consciousness her father had disappeared, and she was lying in her lover's arms.

She shut her eyes tightly, feeling as if she were in a happy dream, from which she feared to waken.

Her whispered, "Jack, don't let them take you away!" was so piteous, that he began soothing her like a frightened child.

"Nothing will part us, my darling!" he repeated, over and over again.

"I have explained everything to your father, and he is quite satisfied."

At this astonishing piece of news Molly sat upright, and stared at Jack as if she thought he had suddenly taken leave of his senses.

He laughed, saying, "it is quite true, dear.

"And now you must let me introduce you to my particular friend, your cousin, Mr. John Graham."

Molly peered nervously into every corner, saying, entreatingly, "Please, Jack, don't bring him here!"

"He is here already," said Jack, kneeling down beside her.

"You must forgive me, Molly, for I have deceived you shamefully.

"You see, I always felt it was such a shame I was to have the Manor instead of you, that I made up my mind to give it back to you.

"When I found out the only way to do that was to make you my wife, I made up my mind to see you without your knowing who I was.

"I soon loved you so madly that I could not resist the temptation of finding out if you cared for me enough to marry a struggling artist."

Molly, who by this time had quite recovered her gaiety, held up her tiny forefinger reprovingly, saying, "You were a bad boy to doubt me, and it would have served you right if I had refused you for the sake of my cousin's riches."

"My Molly was too brave and true for that," said Jack, fondly; and then silence fell on them as they sat hand-in-hand gazing through the open window at the distant hills, and dreaming of the bright future they were to spend together.

TRICKS OF TRADE.—The *Union Medicale* is never so well pleased as when it finds the English and American medical journals accusing each other of representing a nation in which quackery is largely prevalent. It is particularly delighted when some new piece of charlatanism brought to light in England, seems to give the Americans a temporary advantage. As a case in illustration of the latter condition of things, it gives the following: A charlatan who had stationed himself near Westminster Bridge, informed the people that he had discovered the true test for consumption, and if any one suspected in himself the commencement of the disease, all he had to do was to breathe into the tube of water which he carried with him. He further related that, should the water remain clear after this operation, the breather's lungs were sound; but if it became cloudy, he had "the seeds of consumption deep within him."

The spectators who breathed into the tube were all horrified to find the water cloud up at once, and the charlatan explained that these clouds were caused by "the germs of disease."

He would charge nothing for the trial, but he had a medicine which he would solemnly recommend them to purchase ere it be too late.

As a proof of the effective nature of the cure, he would now pour a few drops of the liquid into the tube. Upon doing so the liquid became perfectly clear again, and this, said the quack, was "precisely the way it acted in the human system."

Of course he found many purchasers, as his experiments were most ingeniously calculated to deceive.

The true inwardness of his interesting process lay in the fact that the water in the tube was lime water. As all the air which we exhale contains carbonic acid gas, the liquid became surcharged with it, thus making a portion of the lime in the water insoluble and rendering the liquid cloudy. The addition of a few drops of the "medicine," which was slightly acidulated water, restored the dissolving power of the liquid and made it clear again.

It is hardly to be wondered at that the symmetrical beauty of this piece of scientific quackery attracted the notice of the vivacious French editor.

Scientific and Useful.

WATER-PROOF.—Oil of white birch bark dissolved in alcohol when applied to fabrics renders them water-proof and preserves them from the attacks of insects without in any way seriously impairing the appearance or the pliability of the material.

GOOD MUCILAGE.—The *Journal of Pharmacy* gives the following recipe for a good mucilage which will unite wood, porcelain or glass: To eight and one-half ounces of a strong solution of gum arabic add twenty grains of a solution of sulphate of alumina dissolved in two-thirds of an ounce of water.

BLACK WALNUT.—An excellent stain for giving light-colored wood the appearance of black walnut may be made and applied as follows: Take Brunswick black, thin it down with turpentine until it is about the right tone and color, and then add about one-twentieth its bulk of varnish. This mixture, it is said, will dry hard and take varnish well.

WATER MEASURER.—A new invention is the improved water-meter, which is interesting as showing that it is quite as easy to automatically measure several gallons of water, as it is to weigh a pound of butter. The merits of this particular meter are many. It is cheaper than other water-meters, and will do what several of them will not; that is to say, it will measure the liquid when the supply is a mere driblet, quite as effectually as when a large head of water flows through the apparatus.

GUTTA PERCHA.—A perfect substitute for gutta-percha, which claims to be far cheaper than that useful material, has been patented by a German chemist. The process of manufacture may be briefly described as follows: Powdered gum-copal and sulphur are mixed with about double their bulk of oil of turpentine, or petroleum, and are well heated and thoroughly stirred. After being allowed to cool to a certain temperature, the mass has added to it casein in weak ammonia. Once more it is heated to its former temperature, and is then boiled with a solution of nut-gall or catechu. After some hours' boiling, the product is cooled, washed in cold water, kneaded in hot water, rolled out and finally dried. If, as stated, the manufactured article cannot be detected from real gutta-percha, and will answer the same purposes, it will have wide application, if only for the insulation of electric wires and cables, and for the making of golf-balls.

Farm and Garden.

A GOOD COW.—Somebody who professes to know all about it says that a good cow has a full eye, a small and short head, dished in the face and sunken between the eyes; a soft and loose skin, deep from the loin to the udder and a very short tail.

POULTRY RAISING.—Much of the success of poultry-raising depends upon keeping the chickens dry and warm. May is often a hard month on young broods, as it is often quite rainy. It is injurious to young chicks to be exposed to rain, or to be draggled in wet grass. If the grass on their runs is short they may be let out early, but not if the grass is long.

CHARCOAL FOR TURKEYS.—A California paper highly recommends charcoal for fattening turkeys, and says that it should be pulverized and mixed with mashed potatoes and corn meal, as well as fed to them in small lumps. It mentions that in two lots of four each, treated alike, and one lot given this mixture and the other not, there was an average gain in the weight of the first of a pound each.

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.—An Eastern farmer says that two pigs, furnished with muck, sand, weeds and sod, will manufacture them into the best manure that can be found, and will be worth, when the pigs are six months old, as much as a ton of the best superphosphate that sells for $60 a ton. If the suggestion is successfully adopted the manufacturers of superphosphate will soon have a pretty lively competition.

INSECTS.—The following has been found an effectual remedy for all insects, both on plants and trees—One pint of salt soap mixed with half the quantity of coal oil, the whole then being stirred into six gallons of water. The application to be made with a powerful syringe, deluging the tops of the trees, and continuing the operation for three or four nights in succession, and afterwards once or twice a week.

SOILS.—Clay soils are generally better for wheat than sandy ones, because they are not subject to such sudden extremes of temperature and moisture, and are more tenacious in their character. Timber land is better than prairie land, because the decaying roots are pretty sure to effect underdrainage; magnesia and lime and silica are more abundant and nitrogen is less abundant, and such land being more rolling is better drained and dryer.

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SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 3, 1883.

ANNOUNCEMENT

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SELF-HELP.

It has for many ages been universally admitted that some learning is highly important to fit men for the world; and however diversified the opinions of many eminent writers may have been respecting the manner of conducting education, all of them concur unanimously in its salutary effects. Now, it is evident that without this necessary cultivation the mind is like a barren desert, overgrown with the weeds of ignorance, and covered with the thorny briars of error.

The exercise of our reasoning powers is a duty that devolves upon every station in life; not an hour of existence but calls for our judgment upon ten thousand occasions; whether we regard the intimate and relative duties which we owe to our family and connections, or the more distant, or scarcely less indispensable, obligations to a neighborhood and society at large. What is it but education that imparts this power of discrimination? What but the cultivation of the mind can enable us to discharge our moral and social duties with advantage to ourselves, benefit to those around us, and honor to our country.

Such are some of the arguments which may serve to point out the necessity and advantages of self-improvement; and would many who now so frequently complain that they have no time to pursue it, only apply themselves with but half the zeal they do to frivolous amusements, how soon they would be obliged to confess their mistake!

The chief means of attaining self-improvement are conversation, reading, and study—without the last nothing, indeed, can prove of any essential service. And, as a step towards this, reading is of the highest value. Reading, indeed, is such an inestimable benefit that none but the most frivolous can regard it as being merely the source of amusement, for when judiciously conducted, it is the chief vehicle of information and instruction; it enables us to become acquainted with the most memorable transactions, inventions, manners, etc., of the remotest ages; by reading we are put in the possession of the sentiments and experienced remarks of the wisest men of every civilized nation, all exhibited in the ablest manner and best dress, it equally instructs the king and the peasant, the statesman and the citizen, the scholar and the mechanic; it is in a word from the press, that invaluable school for all ranks, that best of public monitors, we derive so many inestimable benefits; and, thanks to the present cheap mode of conferring its blessings, there is hardly anyone so poor who may not be enabled to reach some of the brightest gems of literature.

To conclude—the best employment for vacant time is self-improvement; and he who deserts his books, from an idea that he is already sufficiently proficient, will find that his books will ultimately desert him.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE Sheffield, Eng., School Board has brought very successful results from the experiment of encouraging a love of flowers, especially in regard to window gardening, among the scholars, over one hundred of whom received prizes at a recent exhibition of plants. Between 1,500 and 2,000 people attended the exhibition in one day.

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THE number of Union soldiers captured by the Confederates during the late war was 212,608. The number of Confederate prisoners taken was 476,160. The number of Union soldiers who died while prisoners was 29,725, or little more than one in seven of all captured. The number of Confederates who died while prisoners was 26,774, or very nearly one in eighteen. The total number of graves in the National cemeteries is 315,555, only 172,409 of which have been identified. There is no means of learning how many who were once Union prisoners still survive.

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As the myriads of scattered tribes have been gradually integrated into large tribes, and, finally, with the most advanced, into nations, the time will come, Science opines, when "there will be but one body politic, for such is the course of sociologic evolution. Every tribe of the myriads that have spoken distinct languages has each for itself developed a mythologic philosophy. These mythologic philosophies are rapidly disappearing, and now are comparatively but few; and the time will come when but one philosophy will remain—the philosophy of science, the truth—for such is the course of philosophic evolution."

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FOR some time past the number of openings in Russia for women has been increasing, and women are now working at many branches of industry from which they have hitherto been excluded. They are now seen in clockmakers' and jewelers' shops, but especially in the workrooms of china painters. This last development is attributed to the influence of the drawing school of the Society for the Encouragement of Artists, where the number of female pupils is increasing from year to year. Several of these women painters on china have organized small workrooms of their own, where they take pupils.

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A CORRESPONDENT, noting the sudden rise and rapid growth of towns along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, says: "Ten years ago there was hardly a hut on the long line through Dakota. The great majority of settlers came on the railroad, not as the first pioneers. The pioneers of to-day cross the Alleghenies and the Valley of the Mississippi with all their Eastern civilization as thoroughly developed as at home. The ladies dress in the fashion of the day. Their chinaware and glassware are fine, and they eat with silver forks. Some pianofortes have already arrived, and others are coming."

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IN the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of watchful kindness recurring daily and hourly—and opportunities of doing kindnesses, if sought for, are ever starting up—it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks, that affection is won and preserved. He who neglects these trifles, yet boasts that, whenever a great sacrifice is called for, he shall be ready to make it, will rarely be loved. The likelihood is, he will not make it; and if he does, it will be much rather for his own sake than for his neighbor's. Many persons, indeed, are said to be penny-wise and pound foolish; but they who are penny-foolish will hardly be pound-wise; although selfish vanity may now and then for a moment get the better of selfish indolence; for wisdom will always have a microscope in her hand.

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AT Winthrop, Me., the Quakers have introduced a wonderful innovation on old customs. They are building a meeting house which is actually to be beautiful. It will exceed in its splendor any other Friends' meeting house in this country. Other meeting houses are bare and unpainted. This one will be tastefully upholstered. It will also be finished in hard wood. A bell is talked of, but it is thought that the conservative tendencies of the Friends will be sufficiently strained by the upholstery, the hard-wood finish, and the generally ecclesiastical appearance of the house. This denomination has hitherto stoutly resisted all innovations of this sort. The indications now are that the old rigidity of Quaker customs will have to accept a modification in order to keep the younger Quakers from running off and joining other denominations.

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THE reason why ladies seldom become bald is on account of the ventilation afforded by bonnets. Men seldom lose their hair below the brims of their hats. The necessity of ventilation of hats is thus shown by example, and it is a question whether every hat should not be freely ventilated. The glands do not become weak, and a healthy growth of hair ensues, if the air has free access to the head. We know of a man who for thirty years has worn silk hats only. His hats are ventilated with nearly two hundred holes near the top. The plush is reversed, and the holes are punched through the fabric and body. When the nap is pushed back the holes are concealed. He buys his hats with a ventilated sweatleather. His younger brothers are bald, but to-day, at 60, his hair is perfect. He is a living example of the good results of wearing well-ventilated hats.

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IF the London World is to be believed, a contrivance for adding two to three and a half inches to the height of women who have the courage to undergo the pain and trouble of a stretching process, lasting from five to six weeks, has been put in operation. The woman who is to undergo this process is encased in a very tight corset, and her feet are placed in shoes weighted with fifty-pound pieces of lead each. She is then placed in a machine consisting of a ring, which encircles her waist, and suspended from the ceiling at such a height as to prevent her feet from touching the ground. The pressure of the corset forces the upper part of the body upward, and the weight of the shoes stretches her from the waist downward. It is estimated that the extreme length to which the spine can be stretched by the process thus described is two inches, and that the knee and hip joints can be stretched fully an inch and a half more.

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REST should be taken with regularity. One day in seven should be set apart for the complete rest of both body and mind. Independent of this, all who can afford it should take an annual holiday. Traveling is cheap, and two weeks' or a month's relaxation from care and business cannot make a big hole in the purse of one who works well all the rest of the year, and knows how to economize time. Innocent pleasure and wholesome recreation conduce to longevity. All work and no play sends Jack to an early grave. Recreation is to the mind and nervous system what sunshine is to the blood. And a word about the quieting, calming effect of religion upon the mind. The truly religious, in cases of sickness, make by far and away the best patients, their chances of recovery from serious illness are greater, and so is their chance of long life, simply owing to the power they have of submitting themselves quietly, yet humbly and hopefully, to whatever may be before them.

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THAT close confinement in ill-ventilated school-rooms, too much study at improper times, etc, may impair the health of boys and girls, no one can deny. That schooling is not necessarily hurtful, indeed, that school children are in the main healthier for going to school, will seem to most people much less clear. Yet such would appear to be the evidence of statistics, as gathered by the English school and sanitary authorities. In the House of Commons, recently, statistics were cited showing that since the law compelled all children to go to school, the mortality among children under ten years of age had diminished 30 per cent. for boys, and 38 per cent. for girls; and among children between the ages of ten and fifteen, the percentage of disease was 32 for boys and 35 for girls. As improved hygiene would only account for 6 per cent. of this decrease, the inference was that the health of children had been directly promoted by systematic education. All diseases among children between the ages of five and fifteen had declined, with a single exception. This exception, to be sure, was brain disease, but there was no more of it than there was before the Education Act was passed.

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THERE is in New York a society of hairdressers. They meet once a month, and each time consider new designs for arranging women's hair. They have just made up their minds how we shall wear our locks, real and assumed, during the fall season. They have agreed upon three styles, and we are able to translate their directions into language that any woman can follow herself. No. 1—Have the hair wet about three inches deep from the forehead, and put it in paper, so as to make large, soft curls—what we call at present Langtry curls—or use a false piece to take the place of your own hair. Wave the hair on temple with a curling tongs. The rest of the coiffure is made of curled hair, wave and curls, with a ring at the end. No. 2—Divide the front hair about three inches from the forehead, from one ear to the other. Take hair-pins and twist the hair round the pins instead of putting out and in, as we generally crimp the hair, and in turning the hair round the pins it will exactly give the desired front coiffure. Tie all the ends of the hair on top of the head, and add two or three pieces of natural waved hair with ends curled. No. 3—Take a long, false switch and make a small braid, curl the end of it, and mix one with the other and let the end fall behind the ear. Your own hair may be turned, if you wish, in a soft French twist.

GONE OVER.

BY J. I.

"Come hither, come hither!" the broom was in blossom all over yon rise,
There went a wide murmur of brown bees about it with songs from the wood;
"We shall never be younger; O love, let us forth for the world 'neath our eyes—
Ay, the world is made young e'en as we, and right fair is her youth and right good."

Then there fell the great yearning upon me that never yet went into words,
While lovesome and moansome thereon spake and falter'd the dove to the dove,
And I came at her calling. "Inherit, inherit, and sing with the birds."
I went up to the wood with the child of my heart, and the wife of my love.

O pure! O pathetic! Wild hyacinth drank it, the dream light apace,
Not a leaf moved at all 'neath the blue, they hung waiting for messages kind;
Tall cherry trees dropped their white blossom that drifted no whit from its place,
For the south very far out to sea had the lulling low voice of the wind.

And the child's dancing foot gave us part in the ravishment almost a pain;
An infinite tremor of life, a fond murmur that cries out on time,
Ah, short! must all end in the doing and spend itself sweetly in vain,
And the promise be only fulfilment to lean from the height of its prime?

"We shall never be younger!" nay, mock me not fancy, none call from yon tree;
They have thrown me the world, they went over, went up; and, alas! for my part,
I am left to grow old, and to grieve and to change, but they change not with me,
They will never be older, the child of my love and the wife of my heart.

Foiled.

BY HENRY FRITH.

A GLORIOUS summer morning by the sea.

A few white, fleecy clouds hastening across "the deep blue vaults of heaven," impelled by a much stronger current of wind than that prevailing nearer the earth.

On the beach there are men and women gathering shells and pebbles; children are digging in the sand at the water's edge; ladies are disporting themselves amongst the breakers, much resembling gigantic blue-bottles with variegated heads.

Standing on the shingle, within a few yards of a boat lying keel uppermost, a young, careworn-looking woman and an equally careworn-looking young man, both shabbily clad, are endeavoring to earn an honest penny by their combined musical and vocal powers.

The young man carries a guitar, on which he is playing the accompaniment to a charming rendering by his companion of "Thy Voice is near Me in My Dreams."

An extremely pretty young lady who is seated on the shingle near the stranded boat, which forms both a support and a shelter, raises her eyes from the book she has been scanning, and which rests on her lap, and listens with evident interest to the song.

"A pretty voice, has she not, Miss Wing?"

Looking round, Miss Wing sees the tall figure and pale, handsome face of Mr. Herbert Telbin, as he stands smiling down upon her.

"How such poor creatures retain the sweetness of their voices, and how they can put such feeling into their vocal efforts, is quite beyond my comprehension," he observes, after receiving an affirmative answer to his opening query.

"Poor creature!" says Ada Wing, sympathetically.

"If she had had the opportunities that we more fortunate people have had, she might have become a brilliant artiste."

"Not so brilliant as Miss Wing if she aspired to more that amateur celebrity," replies Mr. Telbin.

"On the contrary, I should say far more brilliant," responds the lady.

"Absurd!

"Imagine comparing the cultivated voice of a cultivated lady to—to——"

The odious comparison that Mr. Telbin purposed making in favor of pretty Ada Wing was cut short by the approach of the poor girl whose vocal powers were being criticised.

"Will you kindly patronize the musicians?" she asked, modestly, holding in her hand a polished shell for the reception of any money she might be fortunate enough to gather.

"Here!" said Mr. Telbin, holding out a sixpence, and speaking in a condescending tone.

"Just sing that song again, will you?

"Oh, don't trouble, Miss Wing; I have given her something."

The poor songstress at once turned away, but Ada recalled her.

"You must let me also show my appreciation of your powers," she said, in her sweetest manner, handing the girl a florin.

A look of annoyance came into Mr. Telbin's face, which, had she seen it, in all probability would have aided to weaken the dangerous liking Miss Wing had contracted for that attractive-looking personage.

"You are too charitable," he said, when the girl had passed out of hearing; "those kind of people make a lot of money. Their shabby attire is mere artifice."

"I cannot believe that the careworn look and shabby appearance of those poor people is a pretence," replied the girl.

The poor musicians seemed determined to act conscientiously by singing nearly all their selection, both serious and comic, ere they took their departure—a fact which went far towards endorsing Ada Wing's favorable opinion of them.

Ada Wing, now twenty years of age, was an only child.

Her mother, a very worldly and conventional woman, was an invalid, having for some years been paralyzed in the lower limbs.

Her husband had been devoted to business of a speculative (and in his case remunerative) nature, but had worked so hard that he had worn himself out before his time, and had died ere his wealth had brought him any pleasure beyond that of accumulating it and of leaving his widow handsomely provided for.

Ada had been educated at home under the care of a resident governess, Mr. Wing having entertained a strong objection to ladies' schools.

Her education completed, her mother had expressed the desire that she should have a lady companion.

Ada, who was of an unselfish nature, would willingly have devoted her time to her invalid mother, but that stern and inflexible lady would not hear of it.

She had said, "Ada, I allow no one to sacrifice himself or herself for me.

"I am, comparatively speaking, happy amongst my books and the select society that I gather round me. You are young, and must see something of the world.

"I cannot in all cases accompany you, so you must be provided with a companion who is capable of doing so."

Now in reality this was pure selfishness on Mrs. Wing's part.

An intensely vain woman, she was actually jealous of her daughter's beauty, and was always anxious to get her out of the way whilst she gathered round her the admiring sycophants who are ever at hand to flatter and fawn upon the rich.

Besides it saved her a good deal of trouble.

Mrs. Wing in selecting this companion took good care to select one who would influence her daughter to adopt an inexpensive mode of life.

Ada was but seventeen when this choice was made.

Her mother knew she was an impressible girl, and would probably follow the course suggested and the example set by her companion.

It had proved very distressing to Mrs. Wing, when surrounded by her flatterers, to hear the straightforward denunciation of some obvious falsehood from her daughter's lips, and now she could be spared the pain of getting her daughter out of the way when the sycophants called.

Mrs. Wing's maid was supposed to be qualified to undertake the position of nurse, and as that lady pronounced her to be the most conscientious servant in Christendom, her daughter believed her mother was properly cared for.

Of course, Ada could not help seeing that her mother did not appreciate her society, and that she desired to lead, as much as possible, a separate life.

The lady chosen to occupy the position of Ada's companion was a very quiet, sad-faced woman of seven-and-twenty.

Very soon a strong attachment was formed between the pair.

Undoubtedly it was a happy hour for Ada Wing when Miss Wilson became her companion, for in her she found a worthy guide, philosopher, and friend.

Left to herself, or which would have been worse, to her worldly and selfish mother, her nature would in all probability have become in some measure tainted by her surroundings.

When Miss Wilson had been with Ada two years, there appeared upon the scene a cousin named Hugh Wing; he was the son of Ada's father's only brother.

Hugh was much taken with his fair cousin's beauty, and she with his frank face and manly demeanor.

Hugh had come up to town for three months prior to going abroad engineering, and out of politeness merely had called upon his aunt and cousin, neither of whom he had seen since he was a child.

Finding the call an agreeable one, he had not been slow in repeating it.

Now it had resulted Mrs. Wing's care that her nephew was clever, and likely to make his way in the world, and that he had fair prospects on the death of certain relatives.

Such being the case, she had no objection whatever to her daughter seeing much of him.

When, at the expiration of a month, Hugh had proposed to Ada, the poor girl was considerably taken aback, for she had accepted his attentions as if they had been those of a brother.

"Of course, my dear Ada," he had said, in his frank way, "I do not wish to bind you against your wish; but if you care for me only a little, and there is no one dearer to you than I am, will you wait for me a couple of years?"

"I am sure there is no one whom I like more," Ada had answered, shyly.

"Isn't 'like' rather a luke-warm sort of feeling?" Hugh had questioned.

And so they had gone on as lovers will, the lady coyly evasive, the gentleman persistently interrogative, until finally he had an acknowledgment of her love.

When the date had arrived for his going abroad Ada was really sorry to part with him, for the more she had seen of him the more she had grown to like him.

Yes it was still "like;" it had not even then grown stronger than that, although she had promised to wait for him for two years—unless, as he begged her to understand, she grew to love someone better whilst he was absent.

He had placed a ring upon her finger at parting, and had said, "When, dear Ada, you meet anyone with whom you feel you could be happier, and who loves you even half as dearly as I do, then send me back this ring, and I will not think an unkind thought of you."

Well, Hugh went his way, and very soon after he was gone Ada began to find how much dearer he was to her than she had hitherto been aware.

The ring became a great and precious treasure, and she resolved that it should never be restored to him until he had returned to find her as loving and faithful as himself.

And now to return to Westbourne.

Ada's mother was in the habit of visiting that watering-place every summer.

She and Ada had been there nearly six weeks when the scene upon the beach described at the commencement of this narrative occurred.

Through an accident, the Wings had become acquainted with Mr. Telbin.

Ada and her mother had been enjoying a drive in a hired vehicle, and the horses—nothing in the world would have persuaded Mrs. Wing to have been seen in public drawn by less than a pair—had bolted.

The driver had been thrown from his seat, when Mr. Telbin had come to the rescue.

Mrs. Wing's expressions of gratitude to that gentleman for the heroic preservation of her and her daughter's life were unbounded, and although he assured her "there was really nothing in it"—which was quite true, as a laborer had succeeded in stopping the horses just as Mr. Telbin had come to the rescue—she would not be persuaded that he alone had not wrought the work of salvation.

He was constantly invited to Mrs. Wing's residence and made much of.

He soon discovered the kind of woman he had to deal with, and as he was deeply smitten with Ada, he determined to make the best possible impression upon the weak mother.

Now it so happened that at this time Miss Wilson was absent.

She had not accompanied the Wings to Westbourne, but had gone home to her relatives a week prior to their quitting town for the seaside.

Being in a delicate state of health, she needed a change.

Ada missed her companionship very much, and had looked forward to the separation of three months—for it had been arranged that Miss Wilson should remain in the north for that period of time—with genuine dread.

But the acquaintanceship of Mr. Telbin soon proved a wonderful consolation.

It was a month after this accident when the reader was first introduced to them on the beach.

That he was making a strong impression upon Ada there could be no manner of doubt, and the argument he had purposely raised led to something closely approaching a love-scene.

Not only did Ada find that she missed her faithful companion less and less as she grew more and more intimate with Mr. Telbin, but she also found that her thoughts were not so often turned towards her absent lover as they had been.

The ring was not pressed to her lips as of yore, and her prayers for the speedy return of her cousin Hugh were seldom breathed.

She began to feel it a mockery to pray for that.

Six weeks slipped away after the morning on the beach when she gave the itinerant singer a two-shilling piece.

Mr. Telbin had frequently presented the poor songsters with half a crown since, thereby proving to Ada's unsophisticated mind that he was really very good to the poor.

The last six weeks had proved a great trial to her, for Mr. Telbin had pressed her so earnestly to become his wife.

She had honestly told him all about her understanding with cousin Hugh, and he (Mr. Telbin) had expressed much admiration of his behavior in leaving her free, and had confessed that it was a far nobler thing than he could have done himself.

This candid acknowledgment had naturally, as it was intended to do, augmented her good opinion of Mr. Telbin.

Then he had gradually led her to understand that his love was so intense for her that the very thought of her entertaining the smallest affection for anyone but himself was more than he could bear almost now, and certainly would be perfectly so if once she consented to be his.

Then she, foolish girl, began to compare such a love as this with Hugh's less exacting love, and almost persuaded herself that he could not have cared for her so much, after all, or he would not have left her free to marry again.

Oh, for Miss Wilson's counsel!

Oh, if she dared open her heart to her!

Should she write and tell her the truth? No; she was too ashamed of herself to do that.

Conscience would accuse her, in spite of her endeavors to silence its reproval.

How she wished Miss Wilson had never gone away!

How glad she would feel, and yet how embarrassed, when she returned!

At last the day arrived on which Miss Wilson was to make her appearance.

The evening before, Ada, after a severe mental struggle, made up her mind to return poor Hugh the ring he had given her.

Yes; it had come to that.

The new love had supplanted the old.

She had consented to think seriously of becoming Mr. Telbin's wife.

As she packed up the ring, her guilty fingers trembled very much over the work they were doing; and when she attempted to write Hugh a letter explanatory of her reason for taking advantage of his generous permission, she failed utterly.

Miss Wilson had liked poor Hugh so much.

What would she think when she learnt that Ada had jilted him?

Ada could not help feeling it was jilting him, after all.

His noble unselfishness in leaving her free did not alter the fact.

In the whole course of her life she had never felt so miserable as now.

On her way to the station to meet Miss Wilson she called at the post-office to learn when the mail left by which she could despatch the ring to her absent cousin.

She was informed that it would not leave for two days.

She found her companion looking ever so much better than when they had parted.

"My darling," exclaimed poor Ada, "I am so thankful to have you back again; I am so sorry we ever parted!"

And having said this, she burst into tears on the platform before everybody, and was only too glad to hide her "diminished head" in a cab as soon as she possibly could.

Good Miss Wilson was, of course, sympathetic, and wanted to know what it might be that caused her friend such mental distress; but Ada had not the courage to tell her, so attributed her emotion to some other cause.

Soon after dinner, Mr. Telbin called at Mrs. Wing's.

On the morrow he purposed paying that lady a formal visit to ask her consent to an engagement between him and her daughter.

When he entered the drawing-room, Miss Wilson was the only occupant.

She rose as he entered.

It was growing dusk, and she could not at first clearly discern his features.

"Good evening," he said, bowing.

"I believe I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Wing's particular friend, whose return she has been so anxiously anticipating?"

As he spoke, the door of the adjoining room, which was Ada's, was quietly opened, for she had heard Mr. Telbin coming upstairs, and was inquisitive to hear how her companion would receive him.

She crept up to the drawing-room door, which he had not quite closed after entering, and listened.

There was a moment's silence ere Miss Wilson answered the question so politely put to her.

Then she said, speaking with evident emotion, "And you are, if I am not greatly mistaken, Herbert Smith?"

"My name," he replied, with an obvious attempt to speak haughtily, "is Telbin."

"Then you have changed it from Smith to Telbin," she answered.

"Really——" he commenced; but she interrupted him.

"Mr. Smith, alias Telbin," she said, with cutting distinctness, "it is useless your attempting to deceive me.

"I never forget a face. Certainly I could never forget yours.

"You killed the dearest friend I ever had; you wantonly broke her too loving, too trusting heart.

"Need I remind you of her name?

"Need I remind you of Grace Armytage? Ah! you may well start when she is spoken of!

"It was not likely you would remember me or my name.

"We only met twice; the first time at the ball at Windsor, where first you met her; the second time at a similar gathering at Mr. Fowler's at Kensington.

"She fell in love with you at first sight; and you, thinking she had brilliant prospects, professed to reciprocate her love, taught her to worship the very ground you trod.

"For three months you carried on this cruel deception, and then finding you had been misinformed as to her future means, you coldly jilted her.

"Unhappily she and I were many miles apart during the time you paid so much attention to her, or possibly I might have averted the death-blow your heartless conduct inflicted.

"She died six months after you forsook her—died with your accursed name upon her lips!"

There was a brief pause—the pause in which the figure listening outside the door trembled from head to foot; a pause which the man thus accused did not attempt to utilize for the purpose of denial or defence.

"Not satisfied with that," resumed Miss Wilson, "you married a young and beautiful girl, whose money you squandered in a twelvemonth, and whom you then treated with such cruelty and wickedness that she obtained a divorce.

"Thus you ruined a second life. It was high time for you to change your name, certainly!"

Again there was a brief silence, which he was the first to break.

"And what, pray," he said, speaking in a subdued voice, which, nevertheless, was indicative of hatred and passion,—"what, pray, has all this to do with you?"

"This much," answered Miss Wilson,—"that I shall expose you to the inmates of this house, and save her whom I little doubt you are here to victimize."

"My word," he cried, savagely, "is as good as yours.

"I shall denounce you as a liar if you dare to breathe a syllable concerning my past career."

Scarcely had the words escaped his lips

when the drawing-room door was pushed open, and Ada Wing appeared upon the threshold.

"Miss Wilson," she said, speaking with a great effort, "has spoken the truth. You have not attempted to deny the accusations she has brought against you.

"I have overheard all that has passed. You will please leave this house at once."

For a moment Mr. Smith, alias Telbin, seemed staggered by the appearance and words of her whom he believed he had thoroughly infatuated; but he soon recovered himself, and said, "If it is Miss Wing's pleasure to believe all this lady has said, without hearing my version of the story, and if she really wishes to dismiss me summarily from her presence, I can but obey. Perhaps the day will come when she will discover how bitterly she has wronged me."

With these words, he bowed himself out of the room.

What the effort to act with such stern and peremptory decision cost Ada Wing, combined with her temporary fear that she might have in some measure wronged him, was clearly shown by the result which immediately followed.

No sooner had Mr. Smith, alias Telbin, taken his departure than she fainted.

A serious illness followed, but Miss Wilson nursed her safely through it.

Poor Hugh's gift was not despatched to him, but instead was unpacked, and is now treasured more dearly than ever.

There is no likelihood of his seeing it until he returns to his native shores to make Ada Wing his wife.

Three Scenes.

BY JULIA BOOZER.

"WHAT a bright, beautiful world it is!" half sighed Nellie Vaughan, as, leaning carelessly over the gate of her father's garden, she surveyed the fair landscape that spread itself before her.

And bright and beautiful enough the picture was without doubt, she herself forming perhaps the fairest part of it, with her graceful, lithe figure, her soft, dark eyes, and bright golden hair.

At least, so thought Arthur Mowbray as he came quietly through the orchard, his eyes fixed with a look of passionate adoration upon the girl who in less than a month he hoped to call his wife.

Nellie was looking straight before her, with a dreaming, far away look in her beautiful eyes, and did not hear the approach of her affianced lover.

When he spoke she started violently, and a half-frightened, half-petulant look flitted across her fair face as she turned to answer the greeting.

"Why, what were you dreaming about, Nellie?" said Arthur.

"You seemed lost in thought as I came up."

"I was far enough away from here just then," answered Nellie, rather abstractedly.

"One would almost think that you wished to be away from here," said Arthur, a cloud obscuring his handsome face as he looked half tenderly, half-suspiciously at his beautiful fiancee.

Nellie colored, and was about to answer hastily, when checking herself with an effort, she said, without looking at him—

"Of course I did not mean that. How foolish you are, Arthur.

"But let us go in.

"I fancy I heard auntie calling me just now."

And without waiting for an answer, she ran lightly toward the house, leaving Arthur, with a troubled brow, to follow her or not as suited him best.

Arthur Mowbray stood for a moment where she had left him, a dark look on his usually open, frank countenance, and setting his teeth hard together, he tried not to think of the alteration that had come over his bright little love in the course of the last few weeks—tried not to think of the suspicion which had been gradually growing in his own mind, and which waxed stronger day by day.

Six weeks ago Nellie's love for him had appeared as strong even as his for her.

Lately he had thought he noticed a change in her—a change which it maddened him to think of.

He dared not ask himself the cause of it.

He dared not give voice to the suspicion which haunted him day and night.

The suspicion that this change was due to the presence of Malcolm St. Ange, the profligate nephew of the Squire's foreign wife, who had been staying at the Grange for the last few weeks, and who, as far as he could, had availed himself of every opportunity to pay attention and say pretty things to farmer Vaughan's fair daughter.

But Mr. Vaughan had objected to this, for the last fortnight no one had ever seen him talking to Nellie, neither had he been near the farm.

Still, deep down in Arthur's heart lurked the suspicion that Mr. Malcolm St. Ange had not been so easily got rid of as good Mr. Vaughan imagined.

With a deep sigh he walked slowly into the house, determined to find out, if he could, whether or not there was any ground for his suspicion.

Nellie was very gay and happy that evening.

Too gay, too happy, her lover thought, sadly, as he watched her excited manner and flushed face.

He left earlier than usual that night, and as he walked home across the fields he mentally determined that the next day should end his uncertainty, for from Nellie's own lips he would force the truth, at any cost.

Meanwhile all was quiet at the farm.

Miss Vaughan, Nellie's aunt, had gone to bed, while Mr. Vaughan slumbered peacefully in his easy chair.

Nellie, rising from her chair by the window, knew that if she desired to go out unobserved, now was the opportunity.

She glanced at the little old-fashioned clock on the mantelpiece.

It was nearly half-past nine, and with a little quivering sigh she realized that the time had come.

But still she hesitated, looking across at her father's calm face with a glance both yearning and frightened.

"It will not be for long," she muttered to herself.

"I will write to him directly, and he will not be very grieved, I daresay, much as he likes Arthur."

Another glance at her father, and then putting her hand on her eyes to keep back a rush of tears, Nellie hastily left the room for her own chamber.

Half an hour later she stealthily crept from the house, robed in a dark ulster, and wearing a thick veil.

When she had got outside the gate into the road, she turned and looked back on the home she was leaving, and a surge of strange, unwonted feelings rushed to her heart and almost suffocated her.

How quiet, how very peaceful it all looked!

How happy she had been in that dear old home!

How lovingly she had been cared for by the true hearts she was leaving behind her!

She hesitated.

Throughout the day, with all its bright sunshine, she had never swerved.

She had promised to fly with Malcolm St. Ange, and she had felt that for his sake she could give up all, even life itself, and she had contemplated leaving her home without a pang.

But now, in the hushed silence of night, for the first time the importance of the step she was about to take came upon her with full force and a vague terror possessed her, almost impelling her to go back to the home she was leaving—to forego the step she was contemplating.

But only for a moment did these thoughts agitate her.

Drawing a deep breath, she resolutely turned away from the house, and whispered softly to herself—

"It will not be for long.

"I shall soon come back, and father will not be so very, very angry when he knows all."

And even as she muttered to herself the handsome face of Malcolm St. Ange rose up before her, as though reproaching her for her momentary hesitation.

Her irresolution vanished.

"Good-bye, dear old home—good-bye!" she muttered.

And, bending down, impulsively she kissed the wooden gate, which she had climbed many a time in childhood, and, without another glance, rushed down the road.

And the moon came out and lit up the old farm-house with its serene radiance; and Farmer Vaughan slept on within the house, little dreaming of the blow that was hanging over him.

And amidst all the soft sweetness of that lovely summer evening Nellie Vaughan went forth to meet her fate.

* * * * * *

"What a cold, hollow, hateful world it is!" muttered a beautiful but weary-looking woman, as she stood languidly contemplating from a balcony the ceaseless and motley stream of people who kept passing and repassing the house, which stood in one of the busiest of Mexican cities, Vera Cruz.

Very beautiful indeed was the lady.

Her dress was both tasteful and costly; but the look of sorrowful disappointment, of weary langour, detracted somewhat from the beauty of her thoroughly English face.

Totally oblivious of the many admiring glances directed at her by the pedestrians, she stood with a far-off look in her dark eyes that showed plainly enough her thoughts were far away from the scene before her.

The velvet curtains behind her were moved rather impatiently.

"Come, come, Nellie," said a masculine voice.

"How much longer are you going to stand there?"

Nellie started nervously at the sound of the voice, and stepped back into the room, where a tall, handsome, but cynical-looking man was striding impatiently to and fro.

"I did not know you had returned, Malcolm," she said.

Malcolm St. Ange glanced up at her for a moment, and a fierce frown darkened his brow as he noticed her sad, wistful face.

"Pining again!" he said, savagely.

"You have everything a woman could wish for, and you are always dissatisfied—always fretting.

"I can tell you I am heartily sick of it."

Nellie's head drooped, and a frightened look crept into her eyes.

"I am not dissatisfied, Malcolm," she said, softly.

"But—but you know my one great longing, my one great sorrow."

A half-muttered curse broke from the man's lips.

He turned away to the window to conceal the expression on his face.

When he turned again, he spoke in a different tone, and he did not look at her as he spoke.

"I am in a fearful fix!" he said, gnawing his handsome moustache nervously.

"What is the matter?" questioned Nellie, anxiously.

"The matter is simply that I am ruined!" said Malcolm.

"I've lost so heavily this last week that—that I really don't know how to weather the storm at all."

"Is there no way out of it?" asked Nellie, turning pale.

"Well," he hesitated, "there is one way out of it, and only one; but I am afraid," he went one, eyeing her searchingly, "that my plan will not meet the approbation of your ladyship."

"What do you mean?" inquired Nellie.

"Surely you do not suppose that I should object to or hesitate at anything that would help you out of a difficulty?"

Malcolm laughed uneasily.

"Still, I do not think you will quite relish the arrangement; and yet I fear there is no hope for it."

"Nellie looked still more bewildered.

"What is this plan?" she said. "Tell me."

Malcolm walked up and down the room for a few moments, as though debating something in his mind; while Nellie turned, if possible, even whiter than before, with a strange, vague, sick sense of apprehension.

"What is it that you purpose doing?" she said, hoarsely.

"Well," he answered, with an effort, "as far as I can see, the only way out of the trouble is to marry the rich widow, Mrs. Fortescue."

"Marry her?" repeated Nellie, in a helpless, bewildered fashion.

"Yes, Nellie; marry her," answered Malcolm.

"Of course she is not very young, nor yet very handsome; but the money, my dear—that's the thing.

"With it we could——"

"But I don't understand," interrupted Nellie.

"How can you marry her? What absurd farce is this?

"How can you, my husband, speak of saving yourself by marrying another woman?"

"Now, my dear Nellie," said Malcolm, trying to speak lightly, but apparently ill at ease, "of course you know I am very fond of you, and all that sort of thing, and if things would only run a little more smoothly I should never dream of marrying Mrs. Fortescue.

"But still, my dear child, you must be aware," he continued, "that little ceremony we went through in Paris, was only just a little form.

"It was not binding."

"Was not binding?" echoed Nellie, with dilated eyes.

"You must be mad, Malcolm!" she cried, painfully.

"If this is a jest, it is most cruel one!"

"I am not mad, neither am I jesting," said Malcolm, almost angrily.

"I don't see what you want to look at a fellow like that for.

"Of course I thought you knew how much it was worth all the time."

"Liar!" exclaimed Nellie, with blazing eyes.

Malcolm receded a step or two.

"Malcolm St. Ange," said Nellie, speaking calmly, though her breath came in short, quick gasps, "I cannot believe that you are the craven coward, the fiendish scoundrel that your words imply!

"Answer me one question: am I, or am I not, your wife?"

"No," answered Malcolm, without looking at her.

"But, of course, I——"

"Hush!" interrupted Nellie, her dark eyes gleaming with a strange, unnatural light.

"Do not speak to me yet—do not, for the love of Heaven!

"Surely I must be dreaming!" she muttered, vacantly, as she sat down and leaned her head on her hand.

An annoyed look passed over the handsome face of Malcolm St. Ange.

"What is the use of making such a fool of yourself," he said.

"What difference does it make, except that we are both free to make a good match if it suits us?"

"Go away Malcolm, for a little while," said Nellie, in a hollow voice.

"I can't think yet—go away and leave me by myself."

With another heavy frown, Malcolm left the room, and Nellie sat on in the richly furnished chamber, trying to grasp at what had just been disclosed to her, while like a panorama moved in a long vista the picture of her life as it had been since she left her home ten years ago.

Malcolm had promised her that as soon as they were married he would take her back to England—for they had fled to Paris—and obtain her father's forgiveness.

But, alas! nothing was further from his intention than performing such a promise.

The ceremony of marriage was performed in France, legally as poor Nellie thought, and after staying in the gay capital for a month or two, Malcolm had taken her to Italy and Spain, despite her entreaties to be brought back to England.

But Nellie early discovered that Malcolm's real disposition was very different from the one he had displayed as her adoring lover, so she resigned herself to her fate as patiently as possible, and persuaded herself that she could be happy anywhere with him.

She, however, had not been happy for all that, for after the first few months Malcolm had treated her with the greatest neglect, spending most of his time at the gaming-tables, and bitterly upbraiding her if she crossed his will in the slightest degree.

It had been a miserable life at the best that she had led for the last ten years.

Forced to consort with women whom she despised—coarse, insolent men, and bold, vulgar women, and treated with the greatest harshness by him for whom she had sacrificed all.

And many and many a time poor Nellie had wished that she was lying beside her baby in the little Protestant cemetery at Naples, away from the turmoil and the gilded misery of her life.

But she had not dreamed of this.

Far away in her heart there lay hidden a cherished hope that some day she might prevail upon Malcolm to allow her to write to her father, or, better still, to take her to England.

That hope, fleeting as it was, served to make life more endurable.

Now, knowing all she does, this hope lay crushed and dead, and the coldness of death seemed to clutch at her heart as she realized that she was lost to home and friends for ever.

"I could never go back to them!" she muttered, hoarsely, between her frozen lips.

"I must hide myself and my shame where they can never seek for me! I can never go back now!"

How long she sat there in her awful misery she never knew, but the autumn twilight fell soon, and the apartment was wrapped in gloom.

Rising then, she staggered to her chamber, and crossing over to the window, looked out into the darkened window below.

The band in an adjacent hotel was playing some lively air.

How it jarred upon the stricken heart of the unfortunate woman!

What a bitter mockery it all seemed, she thought, this gaiety, this dissipation, when beneath it so many were writhing in agony!

"What am I to do?" thought Nellie.

"Where shall I go?

"I cannot stay here; and I cannot—dare not go home!

"Better sink into utter depravity than do that!

"Sink!" she reiterated, with bitter scorn.

"I forgot!

"I cannot sink much lower!

"Heaven help me from to-night! I care not what becomes of me!

"Guilt, shame, death!

"Let them come!

"My life is wrecked!"

* * * * * * * *

"Oh, what a cruel, fiendish world it is!

"What a terrible curse life is, and how long it lasts!—how long—how long!"

And with a low, wailing sob, the speaker, a forlorn, shivering woman, most miserably clad, drew round her more closely the folds of her thin, ragged shawl, and crouched down upon one of the stone seats on Waterloo Bridge.

It was a bitterly cold, foggy night, early in November; and as the drizzling mist came driving upon the miserable being, a sharp, hacking cough sounded dolefully through the night air.

Still she sat there unobserved—or, at all events, unnoticed by any of the pedestrians who passed by; it was not the kind of night for folks to look much, either to the right or to the left.

Another hour passed, and the miserable woman in the recess raised her head and looked out upon the black water.

"Alas, alas!" she muttered; "what a life has mine been!

"To what have I fallen?

"For that one sinful act of disobedience, what a price have I paid! But it shall end to-night!

"I can bear my misery no longer.

"I have striven against the yearning to end it all, but I can strive no more—the worst has come.

"I am homeless, degraded starving!

"Oh, father, father!" she went on, while the dark, sunken eyes gleamed out fiercely and despairingly; "if you could only see me to-night—if you could only know the misery by which I am surrounded! But you do not—you never shall!

"I left you in my madness, and I could not go back to you—I could not—I could not!

"May you never hear of what I am going to do!

"I wonder where you are to-night? Perhaps you are praying for your poor, lost child, in that peaceful, happy home which I, fool that I was, left, to my misery and my shame!

"Perhaps you are dead; if so, then—ah, then I shall soon be with you!

"No, no!" she almost shrieked; "what did I say?—soon be with you!

"Ah, I forgot—I forgot the distance that must be between you, my dear, good father, and a lost, degraded wretch like me!

"But I can bear it no longer. I will die I will die!"

And with a bitter convulsive sob, the wretched outcast leaped the parapet and plunged into the horrible gulf below.

A scream, a splash, and all was over!

Folks came rushing to the side to see what had happened, and very soon the cry went forth that someone had fallen into the river.

"What is the matter?" said a tall, aristocratic looking man, an hour later, to one of a crowd who blocked the way near the end of a bridge.

"Only a woman jumped into the river, sir,' said a boy, 'and they've just hauled her out, that's all.'

"How shocking!" said the man, with a shudder.

"Where is the—the——"

"The body, sir?" said the boy.

"Oh, it's just on the top of the stairs, there.

"Somebody's gone to get a stretcher to take it to the dead-house."

Another shudder from the man, who stood trying to persuade himself to go on his way without further investigation of this unpleasant business.

But something compelled him, almost against his will to see the end of this strange affair.

So, pushing his way through the crowd, he came at last to where the body of the unfortunate creature lay covered with a pocket handkerchief.

Mechanically, he, or rather, still moved by the strange influence which he seemed powerless to resist, stooped down and lifted the handkerchief and looked, dead the white, set face.

"My God!" he muttered, in a low, hushed whisper, "it's Nellie!"

THE ENGAGEMENT RING.—About the happiest day in the life of a young lady is the day upon which she receives an engagement ring.

The will hold her hand up and look at the ring from all points, and admire it, and assure Adolphus that he is just too awful nice for anything for giving it to her. And she always wears it that day no matter what happens.

If the ring is too large for her, she will ram bits of wood under it, just as a boy puts branches of trees and other things under his skate straps to keep his skates on.

And, after she gets it fixed to suit her, she starts out to call on her friends.

They all know before she arrives that she has received a ring, and are on the *qui vive*.

They either tell her it is very pretty, or else they pretend not to notice it at all, either of which causes the recipient of the ring is delighted beyond description. Because if they compliment her, she thinks they are affecting an indifference to her good luck that they do not feel, and that they will tear her to pieces after her departure.

And if they don't say a word or notice the ring, the young lady knows that they are wild with envy, and would give their ears to be in her place.

And she is glad to think that she has destroyed their happiness.

And she calls on every one she knows, and removes her gloves at every house, even if she remains therein but three minutes.

"DID you never," she said to him as they were walking home in the moonlight, "feel the wild desire, the unutterable longing, the yearning, the reaching after the unattainable?" And he said he felt that way most every day. He was trying his best to raise a moustache, but to save his life he couldn't.

Catarrh.

A clergyman in Newbern, Ala., who has suffered with Nasal Catarrh for nearly twenty years, after using Compound Oxygen for four months, reports himself cured. He says:

"My Catarrh, which was in the form of an ulcer in my head, and on which dark green scabs constantly formed, and which had existed for eighteen or twenty years is gone. No scabs form, and the disagreeable sensation has passed away. My vocal organs are much strengthened. I preach now three times a week, and feel stronger and better in every way."

Another clergyman residing in Massachusetts, has used the Treatment for Catarrh, and gives the following statement of benefits received:

"I have now used your Oxygen Treatment three months and will state results. After I had used it six weeks my Catarrh was much better. The gathering of mucus abated considerably, so much so that hawking and spitting rarely occurred. I lost largely the sense of the presence of mucus in the nasal cavities. With the decrease of the mucus my voice improved and my enunciation became more easy and distinct. I can now preach an hour without throat irritation, and enunciate distinctly and with ease."

Mr. W. S. Sweet, of Taunton, Mass., publisher of the *Family Journal*, gives the following testimony to the value of Compound Oxygen in Catarrh and Bronchitis:

"I would like to say a few words in favor of Compound Oxygen. Having given it a trial for Catarrh and Bronchial troubles, I was surprised with its wonderful curative properties. It has done more for me than any of the so-called Catarrh and throat remedies I have ever used, and I can say I am now almost entirely free from either of the above affections."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Asthma, Bronchitis, Debility, Nervous Prostration, Headache, Diseases of Women, and all Chronic Diseases, sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Phila.

Laurabel's Lover.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

A YOUNG girl of eighteen sat in a bright sunny, handsomely-furnished room, surrounded by delicate-hued ribbons, gossamer laces and creamy lawns.

Flowers, beautiful and fragrant, bloomed outside.

Mrs. Brabrant's rose-garden and dainty, tasteful house were famed for their beauty even though they were so small.

Mrs. Brabrant was an excellent manager.

She knew just how to get her money's worth out of every shilling she spent, and was a hard task-mistress to the dependent cousin, sweet sensitive Lulu Lamar, who sat in the pretty sewing-room, making a picnic dress for her cousin, Laurabel Brabrant.

"Be sure, Lulu, to have those pink bows right this time.

"That white muff you trimmed with blue ribbon was horribly unbecoming!"

"I will do the best I can; but, Laurabel, I told you that blue did not suit you!"

"Oh, I ought to know, Miss Lulu, what suits me best!

"I am going to make that handsome Captain Laurence propose to-morrow.

"When I am mistress of his elegant home, perhaps I will have you live with me.

"You do my hair nicely, and would be useful.

"One thing I mean to do is to send that haughty mother of his out of the way.

"I've always said I wouldn't have a mother-in-law about me."

Miss Laurabel took a scornful leave of poor, crushed Lulu, little dreaming that her gallant Captain's gentle old mother had called, and entered the room so quietly that no one had heard her save the servant, who forgot to announce her to Laurabel.

Old Mrs. Laurence, at her son's earnest desire, had called on Miss Laurabel, who had made herself so charming to the Captain that he thought her all sweetness and goodness.

He really had some intention of making her his wife, and desired his mother to know her.

Greatly to her disgust, she heard Laurabel's amiable intentions as to her future, and she noiselessly hurried away.

At the early tea she told all to her devoted son.

"Philip, she is a vulgar, selfish girl.

"I do feel so very sorry for that cousin Lulu!"

"Yes; she's a pretty little thing, but her brown eyes always look scared and wild to me.

"I never dreamed that Laurabel was such a tyrant.

"Can't we help Lulu in some way?

"Don't you need a companion?"

"Yes, I do; and will write to-night, asking her to come to us.

"I really love Lulu, but I never did like that Laurabel.

"And to think she was going to turn me out of my own home!"

And the good lady's cap-strings trembled, and the satin ribbons rustled, as she shook her head.

Lulu's new home proved a very happy one.

She was really fond of Mrs. Laurence for her own sake, and not for the money and gifts she lavished upon her, and she thought "Phil" the very ideal of manly perfection."

At Brighton, last summer, Mrs. Brabrant and Laurabel were also there when Lulu and Mrs. Laurence spent a short time at that resort.

The meeting was not a pleasant one, as they could not forgive Lulu for being the innocent cause of losing Laurabel such an eligible lover.

"Did you see that lovely turquoise set, mamma?" asked Laurabel, in the privacy of her own room.

The party was staying at the same hotel.

"Yes, dear; but I do not think, with all the gifts they lavish upon her, that she will ever get Philip."

"Well, that's one comfort; but there's no telling what that artful girl can do," said the amiable Laurabel.

Through the thin partition Mrs. Laurence heard the conversation.

She bent over the face of the fair sleeper, and said—

"May it be so!

"I want just such an artful girl as Lulu for my Philip's wife.

"Surely he will appreciate her beauty and goodness, and not let another win her?

"He will not know what he has lost until too late."

Philip and Lulu were married in the autumn.

"JOHNNIE," said mamma to her little son, "didn't I tell you not to eat that candy until after dinner?" Johnnie, who lisps, "I ain't eating the candy, I'm only thucking the juithe."

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

New Publications.

"Two Years at Hillsboro," by Julia Nelson is evidently a debutante in the world of story-writing. It is mainly made up of the history of the heroine during her stay at boarding-school, the characters mostly playing parts on that stage. There is little plot to speak of, and little imagination, the main purpose of the writer being to make the book as life-like as possible, without becoming common place. This she has pretty well succeeded in doing. Altogether it will hardly commend itself to those who like highly spiced reading, but as a faithful picture, that will serve to amuse the mental eye for awhile, it deserves perusal. Price $1,25. Lippincott & Co., Publishers.

"Copp's U. S. Salary List and Civil Service Rules. Our many readers will welcome the solid information contained in the 160 pages of this recently-issued book. It is prepared by Henry N. Copp, a lawyer of Washington, D. C. All the Government salaries are given from President Arthur's $50,000 to postmasters with $500, officials of the Treasury, Interior, War and Navy Departments, Custom Houses, post offices, and fully 20,000 federal offices arranged by States and Territories. Specimen examination questions for admittance to the Civil Service throughout the country are added. The price of the book is only 35 cents.

MAGAZINES.

The opening article of *Lippincott's Magazine* for November has for its subject Henry Irving, the English actor. The illustrations are extremely fine, and give a vivid idea of Mr. Irving's looks and attitudes both on and off the stage. Curiosities of Instinct, by Felix L. Oswald, is a delightful paper, thoroughly entertaining, while full of suggestiveness. Housekeeping in Normandy, by Margaret Bertha Wright gives a good picture of village life in France. On the Mountain-Trails of Montana, by W. A. Baillie-Grohman, the Anglo-Austrian sportsman treats of a previously unexplored portion of the largest Territory in the Union. Out After Tiger, is another sporting sketch by Phil Robinson, author of Under the Sun, etc. There are besides an excellent criticism of Swinburne's three dramas in which Mary Stuart is the heroine; a pleasant paper on Art in Baltimore, by John R. Tait; and a lively traveling sketch, Two Chinese Wonders, by Charles Wood. At Camaldoli, by Ouida, is a short comedy, very neatly constructed. The Jewel in the Lotos, draws towards its close with deepening force and interest. Black Spirits and White, by Sophie Swett, and A Village Poet, by Evelyn Thorp, are short stories of favorable specimens of their class. The Monthly Gossip, includes papers on Stocks and Investors; The Female Lodger, and Rural Characters; and the book notices are unusually full and well suited to guide the choice of intending purchasers, the number altogether is a very varied and attractive one. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers. Price 25 cents.

The contents of *The American Journal of The Medical Sciences* of the new series for October, 1883, has many original communications on important memoirs and cases. Among others may be mentioned, On certain Abscesses of the Neck which may Cause Sudden Death, and how to Treat them with Success; A Contribution to the General Knowledge concerning the Prurigo Papule; Excision of the Tarsus, with a Report of Two Successful Removals of the Entire Tarsus; On the Renal Circulation during Fever; Calculus and other Affections of the Pancreatic Ducts; Classification of the "Porro (?) Operations." What is a True Porro-Cæsarean Operation; Ligation of the Subclavian Artery between the Scalent for Hemorrhage from a Gunshot Wound. Recovery; Galvano-Puncture for the Cure of Aneurism; Closure of the Jaws and its Treatment, with the report of a case in which complete occlusion followed a Gunshot Wound of the Left Superior Maxilla; Report of a Case of Abscess of the Left Iliac Fossa, with some Remarks; Clinical Observations upon Otorrhœa; A Modified Porro-Cæsarean Operation, etc., etc. No physician can properly keep himself abreast of the improvements in medical science without the assistance of the work, which has no superior in the world. Henry Lea's Son & Co., Phila., Pa., Publishers. Subscription $5,00 per year.

With the October number of the [illegible] The Illustrated Reading Course of the C. L. S. C. Y. F. R. U.—the Chautauqua Young Folks' Reading Union. Professor Sargent, of the Harvard College Gymnasium, in the series entitled In Case of Accident, [illegible] how to bind up wounds, take care of broken limbs, resuscitate the drowned, treat a poisoned, or burned, or fainting person. In Ways to Do Things, writers who "know how," will teach both boys and girls in the line of home comforts and out-of-door recreation. The magazine altogether is very attractive this month, containing poems by Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt and C. P. Cranch, a Serial Story by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, a short story by Joaquin Miller, an illustrated article about the Kindergarten at the Perkin's Institution for the Blind, a paper from Edward Everett Hale, and a three-page song by Julius Eichberg, with violin accompaniment, together with delightful sketches, the regular Series, and scores of beautiful engravings. Only $2.50 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston.

The Popular Science Monthly has the following contents for November. The Greek Question; Influence of the Environment on Religion; Ischia and its Earthquakes, (Illustrated.) A Plea for Pure Science; The Remedies of Nature.—The Alcohol-Habit, II. By Felix L. Oswald, M. D. The Age of Trees, by J. A. Farrer; Some Unsolved Problems in Geology, by Dr. J. W. Dawson; Insects for Infection (Illustrated); Remarks on the Influence of Science, by Leslie Stephen; A Home-made Telescope, by Dr. George Pyburn, (Illustrated; The Utility of School-Recesses; The Chemistry of Cookery, by W. Mattieu Williams; Sketch of Lamarck, (With Portrait); Correspondence: Dr. Oswald again Replies to Dr. Black—The Geological Distribution of Forests—Infantile Dyspepsia; Editor's Table: The Current Study of Classics a Failure; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany, etc., etc. Appleton & Co., Publishers. Price 50 cents.

The North American Review for November, by the liveliness and the sterling worth of the articles it contains, satisfies the requirements of the most exacting reader. Senator H. B. Anthony writes of Limited Suffrage in Rhode Island; Dr. Norvin Green, President of the Western Union Company, has an article entitled The Government and the Telegraph; The Rev. David N. Utter brings out from oblivion the record of certain alleged atrocious crimes of John Brown of Ossawatomie. There are two scientific articles, namely, Solar Physics, by Professor Balfour Stewart, and Modern Explosives, by Gen. John Newton; W. H. Mallock contributes Conversations with a Solitary; an imaginary passage-at-arms between a Radical and a Conservative, in which the two opposing theories of government and society are advocated with rare spirit and ingenuity of argument. In Suggestions in regard to the Public Service; Green B. Raum offers certain facts going to prove that the clerks and other employes of the government departments at Washington, even before the passage of the Civil Service act, were in the main both faithful and efficient. Finally, Dr. Hammond's Estimate of Woman, is reviewed by Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake, Miss Nina Morais, Mrs. Sara A. Underwood and Dr. Clemence S. Lozier. Fifty cents a copy; $5 a year. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, and sold by newsdealers generally.

Arthur's *Home Magazine* for November contains interesting articles on Door (Illustrated), Falling Leaves (Illustrated), A Short Gossip about Writers, Birds of the Wild Wood (Illustrated), Emmanuel Swedenborg (Illustrated), Grandmother's Waiting (Illustrated), Egyptian Funeral Wreaths (Illustrated), Hammers and Hammered, Purple (Illustrated), The Home Circle, Mothers' Department, Young Ladies department, Evening with the Poets, The Temperance Cause, Housekeepers' Department, Art at Home Fancy Needlework (Illustrated), Fashion Department, etc., etc. Price $2.00 per year. Arthur & Son, Phila., Publisher.

"As I [illegible]," began Mark Frankton, "often has the question which I am about to ask you trembled upon my lips."

"What is it, Mark?" exclaimed Clara, a feeling of undefined terror taking possession of her as she gazed into his unblanched face.

"Clara," continued Mark, taking her hand in his, and fondling it in a reassuring manner—"Clara, I love you! Pray don't be alarmed! I would have you with me always—that is to say, will you be mine?"

"And do you love me truly and disinterestedly, Mark?"

"Yes, Clara, as the world goes. I would be happy, and I believe you are the woman who will make me happy."

"But this is so sudden, Mark," murmured Clara, bending her head to hide her blushes.

"I know it is sudden. I didn't think of it myself till a day or two ago. But the fact is, I have come to the conclusion that I might as well get married. I want somebody to keep house for me, and to do my washing, ironing, and mending. I won't say you are the only girl I ever loved; but as you appear to think a good deal of me, it is natural that I should think a good deal of you."

"Yes, Mark."

"And I don't suppose it will cost much more; if it does, you know, you will be only too glad to take in washing or dressmaking or something of the sort, to eke out our income."

"Oh, Mark! you know I love you, and I cannot resist your eloquent appeal. Yes, I will be yours for ever."

"Very kind of you, Clara; really, I am much obliged to you. You have saved me a deal of trouble. If you had refused me, I should have been obliged to ask some other girl. I had half a dozen in my mind, but now that it is settled, I shan't bother to call on any of them."

"You don't know how happy I am to hear you speak thus, dear Mark. It shall be my aim to watch over your happiness day and night. Henceforth I live only for you."

"Yes, Clara, that's what I want. Now that we have settled that question, I'll be going, as I promised Tom Badger I'd come over and play a game of pool with him this evening. Good-night."

"What! you are not going?"

"Didn't I tell you I have an appointment?"

"But, but, Mark——"

"Look here, Clara, if you are going to show temper in this way when we're married, I think I'd better retract. A man can't have his simple desires thwarted in this way."

"Then farewell!" said Clara, with a sob. And thus they parted.

STOP coughing at once by the immediate use of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; 25 cents a bottle.

Our Young Folks.

IN A CANON.

BY PIPKIN.

MR. and Mrs. Monroe were sitting in a cosy room with their three children, who were learning their lessons.

It was a winter evening, very windy and cold outside.

The snow covered the ground, and made those who had comfortable homes draw closer to the fireside.

So when Charlie and Jamie and Hattie Monroe had finished their lessons, and drawn their seats around the blazing fire, it was natural that they should ask their papa to tell them a story.

"Well," said Mr. Munroe, throwing aside the newspaper that he was reading, "what sort of a story would you like?"

"Oh!" shouted three happy voices, "tell us about Indians."

"All right then," was his reply.

"I should think," interposed Mrs. Munroe, "that you might now relate to them that dreadful experience which befell you on the Colorado River."

Mr. Munroe looked quietly at his wife, then at his children, a shadow seemed to cross over his countenance, and pausing awhile, as if in deep reflection, he at length said, in a serious voice—

"I will tell you, then, how I got out of a Colorado canon.

"I must explain first, however, what a canon is.

"You know already what a river is, and you know that it runs along in a hollow.

"This hollow is called the channel of the river.

"Now, suppose the channel of a river to be deepened without any more water being added to it, the water, you can easily see, would sink farther down.

"The more the bottom of the river was lowered, the farther and farther would the water be removed from the banks, and any one standing on the bank would have to look far down to see the water, and would not be able to reach it.

"This is what has happened to the River Colorado.

"Its bottom has been deepened so much that the top of the water is actually thousands of feet below the banks; a depth so great that you could not look down without becoming quite dizzy.

"Now, this great deep hollow or gorge through which the river flows is a canon; and so steep are its rocky sides that no one could go down them to the river, nor if any one were down, no matter how good a climber he might be, would he be able to ascend.

"I remember a good many years ago being away down in such a place, and will tell you how I came to be there and how I got out.

"I was a young man just turned twenty-one, and was eager to get rich, so I went with two or three companions to the gold-diggings.

"Four of us made up our minds to go to places where no one else had yet gone, as we expected to find more gold if we went where none had yet been gathered.

"We started one beautiful morning, after bidding our friends good-bye, and telling them that they would soon see us back laden with gold, and rich enough to build fine houses, and keep horses and carriages, and give our friends all sorts of good things.

"A couple of mules carried our pickaxes and other tools, also a few weeks' supply of food.

"Each of us carried a gun, for we were going amongst dangerous animals and savage men, who would kill us if they got an opportunity.

"In a few days we were far away from everybody, and wandered many weeks, finding gold, but not in such quantities as we desired and expected.

"We continued to push our way from place to place, and had great difficulty in concealing ourselves from the Indians.

"At last, after an early breakfast one morning, when we were climbing out of the valley in which we had been sleeping, a fierce yell rang upon our ears.

"The Indians were upon us, and a terrible band suddenly appeared at the top of the hill up which we were climbing.

"A shower of arrows and stones was poured upon us, and at least a hundred savages immediately began to run down the hill.

"We levelled our rifles at them, and they were rather surprised to see four of their number fall dead upon the ground.

"This stopped their advance for a short period, and gave us time to retreat back into the valley, through which flowed a stream.

"The Indians, recovering from their astonishment, now began to chase us more fiercely than ever, as they were enraged because we had shot some of their comrades.

"So we were obliged to leave our mules behind, taking with us as much of our food as we could easily carry, and a few other things that we thought might yet be useful.

"We followed the stream, now and then facing about to discharge our rifles at the enemy, who seemed to be less in haste to pursue us when they saw the direction we took.

"We pushed on all day, and at night found ourselves shut in on both sides by high rocks.

"Further progress was impossible until daylight should again arrive, so we lay down upon the ground, and, though we were very much afraid lest the Indians should come upon us unawares, yet we were weary, and soon fell asleep.

"In the morning we were early astir, and found that we were in a very strange place.

"We could not go back the way we had come, because we should thereby just run into the hands of our foes.

"On the right and on the left high rocks rose up as steep as walls.

"Before us the river filled the space between the rocks, so that there was no place to walk along.

"We were in a canon.

"The only way that we could manage to save our lives was to go down the river.

"But we had no boats, and the water was very deep and rapid.

"A happy thought at last struck us.

"We had the ropes with which our tools had been tied to the mules, and there was a lot of drift-wood lying about.

"We accordingly determined to make a couple of rafts upon which we could float down the river between its high and rocky walls.

"We had no time to lose, as the Indians, who no doubt knew the place, had given up pursuing us when they saw the direction we took, and expected to catch us in a trap.

"So we set busily to work tying the logs securely together.

"When we were thus employed, a whoop came rolling along the ravine, and looking back we saw the Indians just turning a corner and driving our mules before them.

"When they beheld us they threw their arms wildly into the air and danced about in such a way as to let us see how delighted they were at having at last got us so securely.

"Trembling with fear, we made all haste with our preparations.

"To our astonishment and delight, however, the Indians sat down when they were about a hundred yards from us.

"It was their intention, apparently, to shut us up in this prison and thus starve us to death.

"They were afraid to come too close to our rifles.

"At last the signal was given, two jumped on one raft and two on the other.

"They bore us up beautifully, so we set them free and began to float down the river.

"As soon as the baffled Indians saw this they rushed forward in the most frantic manner, and, choking with wrath, discharged a shower of arrows after us.

"We were quite beyond their reach, and, as we swept round a bend of the river from their sight, we just saw them begin to beat our mules, and in other ways to pour out their anger upon those unoffending creatures.

"We were not yet out of danger.

"Our rafts dashed against rocks as we rushed along with the current between the high and stern walls of the canon.

"We were in the Green River, as I afterwards discovered.

"Next day we reached its mouth, where it unites with the Grand River to form the Colorado River.

"When we arrived at this point we looked up the Grand River and saw it enclosed by the same high walls.

"We were now in a much larger river, the Colorado, and here the steep walls became steeper and higher, rising four thousand feet from the water's edge.

"We were almost shut in from the blue sky and the fresh air.

"It was very dreary, and the strange sound of the water united with the dreadful look of the rocks impressed our minds very deeply.

"Thus we floated on; we knew not what our fate might be, and we knew not then where we were.

"Our provisions were nearly all consumed, and to look upon those rugged rocks and into the dreadful water was becoming unendurable.

"In fact I, for one, was beginning to lose hope, and even to wish that the Indians had captured us.

"Four days had now passed since we began our voyage, when suddenly there appeared right before us a wall of rock that seemed to shut out the possibility of farther progress.

"This seemed to be the end of the passage.

"Where did the water go when it reached there was the question that rose in every mind.

"If it went underground, then all hope was at an end, and we must inevitably perish.

"When we reached this barrier our relief was great indeed to find that the water swept round, as it had hitherto done.

"After turning this corner, there burst upon us a terrific roar, and we felt ourselves whirled along at an ever-increasing pace.

"I was in the second raft, and, looking before, saw that the other raft had disappeared.

"I had gone over a waterfall, and we were following it.

"I shut my eyes, and down we crashed upon our comrades, whom we never saw again.

"[Having cleared the waterfall we again began to float downward.]

"Our provisions had been all swept away, and for two wretched days we began to starve.

"Hunger preyed upon us, and we chewed two rawhide thongs of our raft.

"The power of speech had forsaken my only surviving comrade, who spent hours looking into the dark stream that bore us along.

"I shrank from the water which seemed to exercise a fascinating spell upon my fellow-sufferer, and, lying upon my back, gazed upon the frowning crags that seemed to rise right up to heaven.

"A splash disturbed me.

"I looked back and saw the rings spread out from where something had fallen into the water.

"My comrade was nowhere to be seen!

"He had ended his pain.

"The terrible solitude that now pressed upon my spirits was more than man could bear.

"As my weakness grew upon me, I lashed myself with a rope to the raft, threw myself upon it, and became almost immediately unconscious.

"When I awoke, the everlasting rocky walls had disappeared, and I looked upon the broad sky.

"I was no longer on the raft, but was being rowed to shore by kind friends, who were doing all they could to revive me, and had succeeded.

"And that night I slept soundly in Callevile."

THE LACE-MAKER.

BY PERCY VERE.

ONE winter evening in Saxony, in the year 1834, a young wife and mother, named Barbara Uttman, sat by the fire in her pretty little cottage awaiting her husband's return from work.

It had been a happy home, bright with the sunshine of her smile and made cheery by the loving welcome of his little ones, to which Christopher Uttman was now returning.

But to-night there hung over it a heavy cloud.

Christopher was a miner, reared in the pit, and wholly unacquainted with any other kind of labor.

Now, like hundreds of others in the same situation, he was to be suddenly thrown out of employment.

The mines of Saxony, no longer productive, were closed; and where to find bread for their families those poor people knew not.

It was indeed with a heavy heart that to-night he sought his home, and placing his last wages in the hands of his wife, exclaimed:

"O Barbara, what shall we do?

"I am not to return to the mines any more.

"They will all be closed next week, and never reopened."

Barbara was a brave, true soul—his sunshine her husband had always called her—and she had resolved in her heart that its light should not fail him now in his sorest need.

So she replied cheerily:

"We shall do well, by God's help, dear Christopher.

"He will direct.

"We are both young and strong, and must keep up good courage.

"God will open a way for us to earn bread for our little ones."

Barbara was not only brave, she was also prompt and clear-headed.

She did not hide from herself all the dangers and difficulties of their situation, and she stole away to her little closet to seek that guidance of which she felt such need.

Then, sitting down, she calmly pondered a scheme by which she hoped for relief.

She had been in the habit of adding to their little means by the embroidery of muslin.

But this was so frequent an occurrence among women of her rank that it was not very remunerative, in fact very slightly so—a poor dependence indeed for the support of a family.

But, now, Barbara had in her mind an exquisite piece of work, fit for a noble lady's use.

If she could accomplish this, what a future of comfort and prosperity might she not command for her dear ones!

Three months passed away, and the bright face bent daily over her work, cheered her husband's heart with hope, and at its close there lay before her the loveliest piece of handiwork, fully equalling her highest expectations—a filmy veil of finest muslin, richly wrought.

Folding it in a basket, with a light heart Barbara set out for a castle some leagues distant, with whose fair mistress she was a favorite.

How that heart beat as she raised the cover of the basket, confidently hoping for a delighted expression of surprise from the lady, and fully realizing all that her verdict meant to her and hers.

Ah! [illegible]

The lady looked upon it without any such expression, merely saying—

"Yes, very beautiful, Barbara, certainly, but if you [illegible] only [illegible] something like this, I would be ready to pay you almost any price, it is so rare and exquisite."

And she took from a drawer a border of rich Brussels point lace.

Struggling hard to repress her distress Barbara took the lace into her hands.

"Lovely, indeed," she said.

"Ah, my poor work can never compare with this!"

She stood looking fixedly upon it, till the lady was surprised by her long silence.

Then, with a low bow, she gathered up her work and departed.

Slowly and sorrowfully, she wandered on through the quiet, shady paths she had traversed so hopefully a short time ago, when suddenly an idea dawned upon her mind like the first glimmer of day; and, sinking down upon her knees in a retired spot, she passed a long time in thought and prayer.

It was late in the evening when she reached home.

Then the glow of hope on her face greatly astonished her husband, when he found the precious work still unsold.

But Barbara told him to have no fear; for, during her silent meditation, light had come to her, which she trusted was the harbinger of many a bright day for them all.

Together, she and Christopher at once set to work to prepare materials for a new design.

He made by her directions certain round wooden needles.

She manufactured a small, hard cushion.

It was midnight ere their task was ended, and they lay down to rest peacefully.

For five days, Barbara shut herself up alone in the inner room of her cottage, her mind struggling constantly after a dimly revealed object, her attention closely concentrated upon it.

Her husband carefully guarded her from intrusion, like a wise man as he was.

On the evening of the fifth day, she rushed from the closet, and, throwing herself into his arms, exclaimed—

"Oh Christopher, rejoice with me.

"See what God has enabled me to do!"

And she showed him a piece of lace which she had made upon her cushion.

This she afterwards richly embroidered, and believed that she had discovered the secret of the manufacture of point lace; but, in reality, she had done more, she had invented a new lace of great value and beauty, now well known as cushion lace.

Barbara Uttman's name soon obtained a world-wide reputation, and her invention was spoken of as the most wonderful of the age.

Thousands of yards of her rich bordering laces were ordered, not by private individuals, but by merchants of every quarter of the globe.

In order to supply the demand, she employed all the poor girls in the neighborhood.

In a very short time, she removed to a large and comfortable house in Dresden; and, for many years after, both she and her husband devoted their evenings to mutual improvement.

How well they succeeded may be gathered from the fact that Christopher became a wholesale dealer in the valuable fabric which his wife had invented, and that he managed to the perfect satisfaction of all parties the complicated details which his business involved.

As for Barbara, "her children called her blessed; her husband also, he praiseth her."

Beloved and respected, she lived to a good old age.

On the evening of her death there were sixty-four children and grandchildren assembled in her home.

Thus, the pressure of necessity, so often "the mother of invention," brought out a latent talent.

Without it, Barbara would not have sought with such assiduity for the secret of manufacture which she naturally would have supposed quite beyond the comprehension of an untrained worker.

Her trouble most certainly proved a blessing in disguise, owing to the spirit in which she met and conquered it.

"Prayer and pains can do all things," says an old proverb; and, surely, they do often accomplish wonders.

A TABULAR statement recently compiled, and showing the statistics of products compared with number of producers, would seem to indicate that California is one of richest States in the American Union. For example, the value of the products of the current year are estimated as follows: Wheat, $30,000,000; wool, $10,400,000; fruit and wine, $10,000,000; cattle, $4,000,000; sheep, $1,200,000; dairy products, $600,000; garden produce, $100,000; fibre, $200,000; and unclassified products, $100,000. But to these items are to be added $20,000,000 as the product of the gold mines of the State, making a total of $83,000,000 on a population of about 950,000 white inhabitants. The cash capital of the people increased last year $6,044,723.

NASHVILLE forbids fortune-telling in the streets.

A Voice from the Press.

I take this opportunity to bear testimony to the efficacy of your "Hop Bitters." Expecting to find them nauseous and bitter and composed of bad whiskey, we were agreeably surprised at their mild taste, just like a cup of tea. A Mrs. Cresswell and a Mrs. Connor, friends, have likewise tried, and pronounce them the best medicine they have ever taken for building up strength and toning up the system. I was troubled with costiveness, headache and want of appetite. My ailments are now all gone. I have a yearly contract with a doctor to look after the health of myself and family, but I need him not now.

S. GILLILAND.

July 25, 1878.

People's Advocate, Pittsburg, Pa.

TRUE WORK.

BY ALICE CARY.

True worth is in being, not seeming;
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good thing—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kindly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and feel pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin or wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story
The heart of its ills to beguile,
Though he who makes courtship to glory
Gives all that he hath for a smile.
For when from his heights he has won her,
Alas! it is only to prove
That nothing so loyal as honor,
And nothing so loyal as love!

We cannot make bargains for blisses
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our heart misses,
Helps more than the thing which it gets;
For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great or of small,
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

ECCENTRIC PHRASES.

SOME writer has affirmed that the English language has a power of expression such as is not equaled in any other language. We shall take advantage of this declaration, from a humorous point of view, and endeavor to verify the truth of this observation by the introduction of a few examples.

A gentleman saying to a lady in conversation, "You know, madam, that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," was met with the reply:

"O, good gracious, sir, if you will persist in using such an odious specimen of vulgarity again, pray clothe it in more pleasing phraseology. Just say it is impossible to fabricate a pecuniary silken receptacle from the auricular organ of the softer sex of the genus swine."

"He goes on his own hook," has been rendered more elegantly, in deference to and in accordance with the spirit of the times, in this manner: "He progresses on his own personal curve."

A certain barber advertises that "his customers are shaved without incision or laceration for the microscopic sum of a single dime."

"One might have heard a pin fall," is a proverbial expression of silence; but it has been eclipsed by the phrase, "You might have heard the unfolding of a lady's cambric pocket handkerchief;" and, as it is somewhat vulgar to say "pitch-darkness," it has been so improved as to read "bituminous obscurity."

Another polite way of expressing the fact that a man is naturally lazy, is to say that he is "constitutionally tired;" and "Nominate your poison," is the poetical way of asking, "What will you have to drink?"

On one occasion, we are told, a doctor of divinity rung the changes on "He that hath ears, let him hear." "He that is accessible to auricular vibration," said the doctor, "let him close the gates of his tympana."

Then again we have that old-fashioned saying, "The more the merrier," delightfully translated in this way, "Multitudinous assemblages are the most provocative of cachinatory hilarity."

It is even reported that not very long ago a clergyman spoke of seeing a lady "with the pearl drops of affection hanging and glistening on her cheek." He meant that she was crying.

Certain critics, too, occasionally launch out in a similar metaphorical style. Concerning a young and aspiring orator one of them recently wrote: "He broke the ice felicitously, and was immediately drowned with applause."

A short time since a literary man of some celebrity, in a letter describing the early fall of snow in Switzerland, did not say the storm abated, but "the flakes dwindled to flocculi!" and instead of vulgarly putting it that they melted a kettleful of snow to obtain water, he said that firewood was "exponded in rendering its own heat latent in the indispensable fluid."

Equally as good was that which relates to a certain eminent professor, who observed that very wonderful things were occasionally discovered now-a-days. He found out lately that "Nystagmus, or oscillation of the eyeballs, is an epileptiform affection of the cerebellular oculomotorial centres;" and he added: "Don't forget in the future what sort of a thing 'nystagmus' is."

"You have mentioned several times during the evening," observed one of the audience to a lecturer, "the word 'periphrasis;' would you kindly inform us of its precise meaning?"

"Certainly," said he. "It is simply a circumlocutory and pleonastic cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity."

As this explanation was received in solemn silence, we trust it was deemed a satisfactory one. It is, however, recorded that the gifted orator was not called upon again to explain any word, phrase, or sentence for the rest of the evening.

Grains of Gold.

Content is a communicable virtue.

A foe of God was never friend to man.

The fire of vanity is fed by the fuel of flattery.

Reason should not regulate, but supplement virtue.

Money and contentment do not always go hand in hand.

Whenever you commend, add your reasons for doing so.

Prosperity unmasks the vices; adversity reveals the virtues.

Patience is the endurance of any evil through love of God.

Oh, that we had spent one day in this world thoroughly well!

The man who pauses on his honesty, wants little of the villain.

Where there is room in the heart, there is always room in the house.

All habits gather by unseen degrees; as brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time.

They that do nothing are in the readiest way to do that which is worse than nothing.

Oh, banish the tears of children! Continuous rains upon the blossoms are hurtful.

Many men are mere warehouses full of merchandise—the heart and the head are stuffed with goods.

He who climbs above the cares of this world, and turns his face to God, has found the sunny side of life.

Do not be too lavish in your praise of various members of your own family when speaking to strangers.

It is not a lucky word, this same impossible; no good comes to those that have it so often in their mouths.

To grow old is quite natural; being natural, it is beautiful; and if we grumble at it, we miss the lesson and lose all the beauty.

Whosoever lends a greedy ear to a slanderous report is either himself of a radically bad disposition, or a mere child in sense.

A "free" thinker is generally a man whose opinions have cost him, in reflection and research, just what they are worth—nothing.

Good resolutions are often like loosely-tied cord—on the first strain of temptation they slip. They should be tied in a hard knot of prayer.

Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.

Only the good are really cheerful. The bad and vicious may be boisterously gay and vulgarly humorous, but seldom or never truly cheerful.

The world's side of the hill is chilly and freezing to a spiritual mind, but the Lord's presence gives a warmth of joy which turns winter into summer.

You are to accept as a Christian every one whose life and disposition are Christlike, no matter how heretical the denomination may be to which he belongs.

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy, and temperance the best physic.

The spring of all great endeavor is a great trust, pushing men forward to unseen ends, away from the fastenings of custom, out into struggle, and hazard, and mystery.

In all the arrangements of a home the ease and comfort of the mother should be considered before all things. This is her right. Nor is it less the interest of the family.

It is a great misfortune to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of one's life, and leaves only weeds where a cheerful disposition would cause flowers to bloom.

It is no disgrace not to be able to do everything; but to undertake, or pretend to do, what you are not made for, is not only shameful, but extremely troublesome and vexatious.

Highest education is that which not only provides food for the pupil's memory, but training for his judgment, discipline for his affections, guidance for conduct, and objects for his faith.

To form a correct judgment concerning the tendency of any doctrine, we should rather look at the forms it bears in the disciples rather than in the teacher, for he only made it—they are made by it.

Femininities.

Attractive wrappers—Saleswomen.

Hurried dinners make worried sinners.

The more women have risked the more they are ready to sacrifice.

When a young lady refuses a marriage proposal it is a sleight-of-hand.

When it comes to the question of beauty, women are not an admiration society.

Boston girls do not tumble to rackets, but precipitate themselves in the direction of clamors.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe says that she hopes she may never be too old to write love stories.

Statistics show that French women live, on an average, thirteen years longer than French men.

A lady of this city recently filled her lamp with gasoline, and since then she has not benzine.

Modjeska is probably the greatest linguist on the stage. She can "take her part" in six different languages.

The paradox of paradoxes is, that in the marriage ceremony the woman doesn't get in any more talk than the man.

Girl graduates in England wear gowns precisely like those worn by the university men, and made by the same tailor.

A Kansas City woman appeared on the street at night in a Mother Hubbard dress, and was promptly arrested by a policeman.

At an entertainment held recently in London, it is said that the Princess of Wales wore the plainest dress of any of the ladies present.

The true embodiment of sentiment must be that Massachusetts widow who dresses in mourning and wears bangs made of her departed husband's hair.

A Richmond woman gives her husband a dead-latch key that won't open the door, so that he has to ring, and then she knows what time he comes in at night.

"What do you think of women for doctors?" asked a lady of her family physician. "They are invaluable, madam," replied the doctor; "we derive at least two-thirds of our income from them."

A young woman in a Cincinnati police court hurled an inkstand at the head of the magistrate, who sentenced her to the workhouse recently. The inkstand didn't reach him, but some of the ink did.

Sewing, cutting and fitting are taught in all the girls' primary schools in France, and the programme for the higher primaries includes household industry and some of the trades particularly adapted to women.

A young man who went to the late war began his first letter to his sweetheart after this fashion: "My Dear Julia—Whenever I am tempted to do wrong, I think of you, and say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"

Mrs. McMahon, a 70-year-old lady, sprang into the Yantic river, near Norwich, Conn., recently, to rescue a little girl that had fallen overboard from a bridge, and she succeeded, as such a brave old lady should.

The Empress of Russia has just ordered a cloak of sable fur trimmed with gold and enriched with precious stones, the whole cost being placed at $45,000. This looks as if she intended to continue business at the old stand.

Queen Marguerite, of Italy, holds her receptions on quite a democratic scale. Instead of visitors being led up and formally presented, she makes a tour of the room, shaking hands with and pleasantly greeting her callers.

A young man of Tuskegee, Ala., went to see his lady love the other night, and stayed so late that the girl's mother brought in a dozen eggs and asked him to hatch them for her. He left, and declares that he will never call again.

Before the extensive use of steamboats on the waterways around Stockholm, the Dalecarlian girls were accustomed to come to the capital in great numbers to row the passenger boats from point to point in the neighborhood of the city.

A distinguished writer says: "I resolved, when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her." He kept his resolution, became a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Guileless Fanny A. Gregory, of Rochester, N. Y., obtained a charm from a fortune teller which the latter asserted would, if worn, bring about an engagement and marriage to a certain young gentleman within a year. The charm didn't work, and now disappointed Miss Fanny has brought suit to recover the sum paid, $60.

A Michigan man called on a married woman, and, having a pair of handcuffs in his pocket, put one on the woman's wrist and one on his own, just for fun. Then they heard the husband coming in, and the handcuffs wouldn't come off. The husband took in the situation at a glance, and went and got a base ball club. It was awful.

A Wisconsin woman was married last week to one of two brothers, twins, who looked so much alike she could not distinguish them apart, but whose moral characters were entirely opposite. A few days later she discovered she had married the wrong one, and proceeded to Milwaukee and asked the justice who had married them to untie the knot, as she wished to marry the other brother, and also that he had sworn falsely as to his age.

Railroads on the continent in Europe are not friendly to dogs; they refuse to carry them in the passenger cars, and declare that they must be transported as freight. Notwithstanding this rule, women are to be met on all trains with their pet canines packed into a sort of valise, which is covered when they enter the car, in order to elude inspection. But when they are once seated they lift up the slide of the valise, under which there is an open wiring, which enables the dog occupant to get air. Conductors wink at this.

News Notes.

It is said Cubans eat snake meat for their blood.

A Tea and Sugar Exchange is now talked of for New York.

A Georgia negro sleeps in a tree, where he has a bed every night.

Dining cars have made their appearance on a French railway line.

Roses six inches in diameter are raised in Los Angeles, California papers say.

In Michigan the Supreme Court has decided that pool-selling is gambling.

In the Methodist and Baptist churches of the South there are 1,500,000 negroes.

In Cleveland a family of eight persons were found living in a chicken-coop.

The new State of Dakota will take for its motto: "Fear God and take your own part."

A girl out West went to a fancy ball with a dress a complete mass of pins. Nobody tried to hug her.

A man at Americus, Ga., claims to have a rooster which crows twelve times at noon and midnight.

A Yorkshire schoolboy, asked to name one of the minerals of Australia, answered, "tinned mutton."

The word "obey" has been dropped from their marriage service by the Methodists of Canada, it is said.

In New England a man almost lives on apples, but he soaks each one in vinegar an hour before eating it.

A man whose beard is already 27 1 2 inches long, and steadily lengthening, is living in Todd county, Ky.

Nearly all the Bibles placed in the cars of the Boston and Maine Railway for the use of travelers have been stolen.

An Ohio man puts a five-cent piece in a box every day, so as to have a fund with which to bury him when he dies.

Evansville, Ind., is getting rid of a large number of English sparrows by virtue of a bounty of one cent for each one killed.

A man has been committed to jail in Nashville, Tenn., for failing to pay a judgment of one cent and costs found against him.

London has a new-fangled church, where the principle feature is music, and they give the hymns with grand chorus and orchestra.

A stranger offered to drink all the whisky the loungers in a Wadsworth, Nev., barroom would pay for. It cost them the price of sixteen drinks to kill him.

Daniel Webster, during a part of his life, was a patient student of the dictionary, learning three words daily, and then seeking an opportunity to use them.

In a race that came off between a pigeon and a mule near London, recently, the bird flew a mile while the mule galloped a half mile, the former won by 80 yards.

There is a justice of the peace in Banks county, Ga., who has held his office for eight years, and has never tried a case, always getting the litigants to compromise.

A pile of straw at Carey, Ohio, which was stacked four years ago, was recently loaded on wagons. In the centre was found the body of a man and a bottle of aconite.

Valentine Veske, a Pole, tried to commit suicide recently in the Columbus, Ohio, jail by partially swallowing a large iron spoon, which broke when being taken out.

Compressed paper gas pipes are a new wrinkle. If this thing is kept up a while longer they will be making blacksmiths' anvils, steam boilers and furnace-grates out of paper.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean publishes divorce notices under its marriage announcements, and sometimes, as was the case in a recent issue, there appear notices of three divorces to one marriage.

Hunters in Panther Creek Swamp, in Mississippi, shot a deer that had a human skull impaled on one of the prongs of its right horn. The prong had entered the eye and grown up around the skull bone.

In a single year a Laredo woman named McDonald lost a daughter by starvation, a son-in-law killed by the cars, a husband killed by a blow, a son by suicide, and a second son was bitten by a rattlesnake.

The prisoners in the jail at Gonzales, Texas, have their own code of laws and set of officers. An offender was recently sentenced to endure five lashes. He hired a negro to be his substitute, paying him five cents.

An English doctor avers that he has found fasting from four to eight days to be a specific cure for rheumatism. No medicines are given under the treatment, but the patient is allowed water and lemonade in moderation.

The sheep ranches of California are usually desolate places. For the herders it is a terrible life; how terrible, is shown by the frequency of insanity among them. Sometimes, after only a few months, a herder goes suddenly mad.

ALTHOUGH MANY ARE PREDISPOSED TO LUNG TROUBLES FROM BIRTH, yet even such may escape Consumption, or other Pulmonary or Bronchial Disease, if due care and watchfulness be observed, and all exciting causes are promptly treated as they arise. It is in these cases Dr. Jayne's Expectorant exercises its most beneficial effects, and has produced the largest proportion of cures. Besides promptly removing Coughs and Colds, which, when left to themselves, are the immediate causes of tuberculous development, this standard remedy allays any inflammation which may exist, and by promoting easy expectoration, cleanses the lungs of the substances which clog them up, and which rapidly destroy when suffered to remain.

Lost For Ever.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

I WAS sitting on a rocky eminence in the north of England, looking down into a deep, long vale, when the sound of a single bell from the lone, gray church in the bottom of the valley caught my ear. I arose and descended to the village.

As I drew near I could perceive that the bell tolled for a funeral, and every face wore that depth of gloom which announces some more than ordinary sorrow.

When I had learned the cause, my heart was touched also with a sadness such as it had seldom experienced.

In this village had for generations dwelt one great family.

A gentleman of fortune in a distant county had married the sole heiress of this house, and to gratify her fondness for her native place had built an elegant abode here, and here chiefly lived.

They had been married some years, and had three children, when during a winter spent in London, the lady had eloped from her husband, and had fled to the Continent.

This, as might have been expected, upon a mind particularly sensitive, and upon a heart devotedly attached to her, and up to the fatal moment of the elopement totally unsuspicious, had nearly destroyed her husband.

He retired with his children to his own ancestral seat, and lived in a deep and melancholy seclusion.

The lady's father, a man of stern and passionate character, at first exhibited the madness of passion, and then settled down into the sullen silence of unappeasable hatred.

Years went over when at length, the father and husband, at the same instant, received each a letter from the last one—at the point of death—in penitence and destitution.

It was written with that harrowing sense of her crime, of all she had lost, and lost for ever, that would touch the most resentful spirit, if it possessed any portion of human feeling.

She prayed for pardon—pardon ere she died; and she asked for nothing more except a grave—a grave in the native country. With the approach of death, not all her sense of her crime and her ignominy could quench the spirit of her youth; it returned—and she yearned to lie in the spot where she had been born,—where alone she had been innocent and happy.

The father more true to his resentment than to paternal nature, preserved a sullen silence.

Her husband wrote that he forgave her, and that, as the once loved creature of his young affections,—as the once wife of his bosom,—as the mother of his children,—she should lie in a tomb which he would build on purpose for her in her native earth. She read the letter and expired!

They were bringing the unconscious prodigal to her first and last home.

I saw the hearse move slowly and gloomily up the mountain road; I saw the peasants go out and gaze upon it, as it drove up to the gates of the churchyard, with weeping eyes, and sobs of mingled emotions.

The guilty, the punished, the repentant, the once happy and idolized creature, came from a terrible and forsaken death-bed, without one kindred mourner, one friend, one attendant save the hirelings of death, to sleep in the spot which one weak, guilty deed had sown with perpetual sorrows!

Her husband, her children were in their distant home; her father, with a heart more hard and gloomy than the rock into which she was descending, was within sound of her funeral bell, and cursed her memory as he heard it toll.

It was a bringing home that filled me with indescribable sensations of wretchedness, and haunted me for many a day, though I again walked amid the crowds and cheerful sounds of the city.

HANDWRITING.—It is an exploded idea that character may be read from handwriting. Person, the great Greek scholar, among the antidiest of all students, wrote neatly and elegantly. Cromwell's writing, though large is shaky. Shakspeare's signature is not particularly clear. Napoleon Bonaparte wrote illegibly, it is said purposely, to hide his bad spelling. The handwriting of the tortuous-minded Charles I. is as clear and striking as that of Thomas Carlyle is crabbed and indistinct. On the other hand, Queen Elizabeth's handwriting is magnificent. Edgar Allen Poe wrote beautifully, and with scarcely an erasure, whereas the manuscripts of Charles Dickens to be seen in the Forster collection at South Kensington, are ragged and full of alterations and emendations. Many men write large or small, in characters boldly or weakly formed, according to their humor of the moment. Again, handwriting depends for its style on the school in which it is taught, and the purpose to which it is applied. The manuscript of Byron, of Thomas Campbell and of Thackeray, may be called the literary hand. It is uniform in color, small and fairly legible, but without a superabundant curve or flourish. The great mass of "copy" which passes through the hands of a modern printer is more or less of the same character.

There is hardly an adult person living but is sometimes troubled with kidney difficulty, which is the most prolific and dangerous cause of all diseases. There is no sort of need to have any form of kidney or urinary trouble if Hop Bitters is taken occasionally.

BOY, COW, AND BEE.

An humble boy, with a
Shining pail,
Went gladly singing
Adown the dale,
To where the cow with
The brindle tail
On clover her palate did
Regale.

An humble bee did
Gaily sail
Far over the soft and
Shadowy vale,
To where the boy, with
The shining pail,
Was milking the cow
With the brindle tail.

The bee lit down on the
Cow's left ear;
Her heels flew up through
The atmosphere—
And, through the leaves of
A chestnut tree
The boy soared into
Eternity.

—U. N. NONE.

Humorous.

Always bowing—The fiddler.

The cause of all taffy—'Lasses.

Patient waiters—Young doctors.

A figure-head—The book-keeper's.

The worse for ware—A careless servant.

Sanitary measures—Apothecaries' weights.

What men going down hill want—Checks.

What part of speech is kissing? A conjunction.

Every man should paddle his own canoe. Can you?

An unavoidable breech of the piece—The stock of a gun.

The most heartless conundrum—Riddling with cannon shot.

In all its forms Heart Disease yields to the use of Graves' Heart Regulator. Price, $1.; 6 for $5.00.

A cigar may be the best in the world, but sooner or later it meets its match.

The acrobat in the circus is really the man who introduces the spring styles.

A VERY instructive catalogue, embracing sixteen thousand items of goods in one hundred and fifteen different lines (with explanatory reading matter) will be sent prepaid, by John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, after November 1st, on request by postal. This is a capital reference volume.

GENERAL GARFIELD'S "Address to Young Men," the "Morning Call" and other pamphlets which the Bryant & Stratton Business College of Philadelphia delivers free to all who call or write for them, contain much entertaining and instructive reading matter for young men and women.

Superfluous Hair

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 109 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

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Give instant relief, and effect a cure. They are not pads to relieve the pressure.) Each 25 cents per box; twelve Corn or six Bunion in each box. Sent by mail on receipt of price. C. C. HUGHES, Druggist, Eighth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

50 PER CENT SAVED on Patent Medicines. Send for prices to W. T. Totten, 672 N. 10th, Phila., Pa.

$65 A MONTH & board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies, in each county. Address, P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

80 CARDS. BEST QUALITY. New designs in Satin and Gold finish, with name, 10 cts. We offer $100 for a pack of cards any nicer work, or prettier styles. Samples free. Eagle Card Works, New Haven, Ct.

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PATENT Procured or no charge. 40 p. book patent-law free. Add. W. T. FITZGERALD, 1066 F St., Washington, D.C.

50 New Enameled Chromo Cards for 1884, name on, 10c. Prize with 3p'ks. Potter & Co, Montowese, Ct

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SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.
The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

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SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, **Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent** excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

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Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

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For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

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A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, SCROFULA AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, CATARRH AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

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Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

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O Fred, tell them to Stop!
One Bumper at Parting.
Little Golden Sunbeam.
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
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Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
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Is Jennie True To Me?
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Oh, Lucinda.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
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Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
Don't Shut out the Sunlight Mother.
The Sweet Flowers I've Brought to You.
Meet me To-night.
Angel Faces o'er the River,
Yes, I'll Love You When You're Old.
Tell de Children Good-bye.
Hardly Ever.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

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ABOUT RUBBER.

FIFTY years ago any one who should have predicted that the sticky juice of the rubber tree would prove to be the vegetable product most essential to the progress of civilization, would be laughed at as a mild lunatic.

It was then apparently of little more use than the milky juice of the gulk-weed is today. Now its uses are endless, and without it, or some substitute for it not yet discovered, the modern development of electrical science and the application of electricity to the vital every-day uses of society, would have been impossible.

It is a question for our young students of nature to consider whether there are not other plants, perhaps many of them, now neglected or opposed as weeds, which have in them possibilities of human advantage as great as those that used to be looked up, unknown and unsuspected, in the rubber yielding plants.

The chief rubber producing region in the world is the land bordering the Amazon and its branches. Para is the principal mart for the rich plantations along this queen of rivers.

A thousand miles of territory contribute to its markets. From Manaos to Para the vegetation is of the rankest character. It is here that the rubber tree attains its best growth. Vegetation is so rank that it is almost impossible to force one's way through the tangled mass of vines and stems without a vigorous use of the hatchet or knife. The rubber tree attains a height of forty or fifty feet, and in thickets is as straight as an arrow. Its rich dark foliage and reddish brown trunk give it a very picturesque appearance.

The rubber producing season lasts from May to September. The people who gather it are of the lowest order of human beings. They live in the most primitive manner, and are exposed to the extremes of weather at all times.

The privations that are endured during the gathering season are of such a nature that none but natives could undergo them and live. The lowlands where the trees flourish best are inhabited by venomous reptiles and insects, and the atmosphere is loaded with poisonous vapors.

The Indian pushes his boat through the overhanging foliage to the river's bank, clears a small spot in which to swing his hammock, and is soon ready for business. He then cuts paths through the underbrush to ten or twelve trees in the immediate vicinity.

Incisions are made in the trunks of the trees with a hatchet or sharp knife. Beneath these incisions small tin or earthen cups are fastened by means of soft clay. By the time he has completed this work the cups upon the first tree are filled with a white sap resembling cows' milk.

The Indian empties the cups into a large gourd which he carries to the spot where his hammock is swung. A small fire is burning near by. He throws a handful of nuts from the palm tree upon the glowing coals and places over them a bottomless tunnel-shaped earthen vessel.

Taking a paddle-shaped instrument he dips it in the white milk and holds it in the dense black smoke which pours out of the mouth of the vessel. With each drying a thin layer of rubber is formed. The process is continued until the "paddle" has two or three inches of rubber upon it, weighing from ten to fifteen pounds.

This is then cut off with the machete—a knife used by the natives—and after a few days' drying in the sun is ready for market. The masses of rubber made in this way are "biscuit."

While the process of drying is going on the milk which has been spilled on the ground coagulates into a soft, sour substance. This is gathered and pressed into a round ball and sent to market under the name of "negro heads." The commercial value of "biscuit" ranges from 50 to 60 cents per pound, and "negro heads" from 30 to 40 cents per pound. The general law of supply and demand renders these prices subject to a wide variance.

When rubber is first made it is wet and soggy, so that after it is packed in bales and shipped to this country or Europe it undergoes a gradual shrinking process. An average estimate of the shrinkage of rubber from the time it leaves Para until it is received and worked up by the manufacturer is from 23 to 25 per cent.

Some people have an idea that rubber and gutta-percha are the same, but they are not, although the latter comes from a tree much resembling the rubber tree.

Gutta-percha has more durability but less elasticity than the former substance. When brought to this country it has the appearance of wood or pieces of bark. Owing to its restricted uses, gutta-percha does not find a ready market. Its use is chiefly confined to dental purposes and the manufacture of telegraph cables.

A man has invented a chair that can be adjusted to 800 different positions, and yet a man who suspected his wife was going to ask him about where he was the night before couldn't get into a position in that chair which seemed comfortable.

WHITE RIVER, W. T., Oct. 21, 1881.

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C. ENGBLORN.

Facetiæ.

It is claimed that Dr. Mary Walker is the father of the American dude.

The letter "b," like a great many people, is always in debt, though there is no real necessity for it.

A fifty-cent piece with a hole in it will not pass current, which shows that the half is better than the hole.

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A paper steamboat is soon to be launched on the Ohio River. They'd better not make it of blotting paper if they want any river left.

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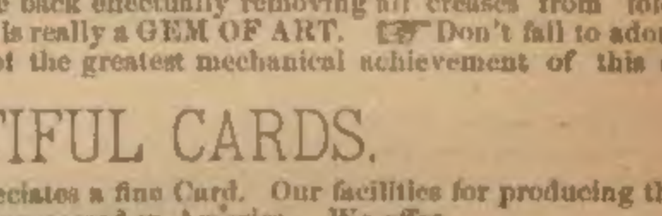

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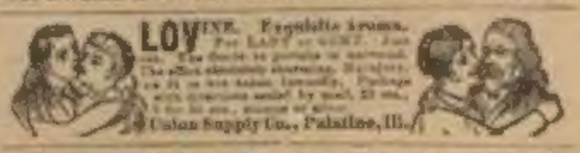

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

IN reality there are no new fashions just now, for what is called a novelty is often the mere revival of a former style slightly altered and disguised.

The polonaise is the novelty of the moment, yet a few years ago everybody was wearing it and it was worn to shreds; then separate corsages and casaques were revived while now, once more the polonaise is all the rage.

The style of polonaise now considered so charming is that which owes its popularity to the grace of its draping, a charm which can only be given by the hand of a first-class artist.

The front forms a natural pleated tablier more or less long, leaving a large portion of the flounced skirt visible, or else it is open below the waist and the tablier thus separates into two peplum points; generally in this case the two points are turned back on the tournure and form large revers held by ribbon bows.

It is a subject of rejoicing with many that this familiar style has reappeared, for there is none other which so shows off the beauty of a woman's figure.

Very many toilettes are trimmed with velvet bands, ribbon or otherwise, laid on quite plainly.

This is a specially pretty ornament for black and white chequered foulard.

One skirt has two pleated flounces and a pleated upper skirt trimmed with three black velvet bands securing the pleats. The back drapery is ornamented also with velvet ribbon, and three bands in front simulate three tabliers one over the other, a finish with a velvet bow on the left.

A corsage of plain black velvet, with short basques, is worn with the skirt.

A gracefully draped polonaise is of glace fawn and mauve silk.

The skirt has three gathered flounces, each cut into pointed scallops at the edge, and the polonaise has very long skirts draped up high on the right, and again on the left knee with brown bows; half the material falls free on the left and upper part is gathered upon the left hip with a bow. A gauged pointed plastron in front is partly covered with a plain guipure parure ornamented with brown bows, the brown velvet collar being studded with guipure stars.

The large round Henri II. hat is trimmed with brown velvet and a large plume of violet feathers.

Striped or pekin materials are recovering their position which has been seriously affected lately by the popularity of broches. The restoration of polonaises has contributed to this, as pekin never looks so handsome as when forming a corsage, paniers and long train in one.

An evening reception dress has a polonaise of pekin white and pale blue foulard; the fronts are pleated and drawn behind to form a panier, then the material extends into a long graceful train lined with blue satin.

A fluted blue frill edges the neck, tied with a blue bow, and deeply fluted blue epaulettes ornament the shoulders.

The long full sleeves are of white lace gathered at the wrist with blue ribbon, the plastron being of white lace flounces, across which a large blue sash is tied in a long bow in front.

The skirt is of pleated lace, falling over a blue satin balayeuse.

The lace sleeves display the arm beneath, but the lace skirt is lined with blue satin.

During the past year many timid attempts were made to reinstate the almost-forgotten taffeta silk into favor, but with little success.

What could not be done then, however, has been done now, and the summer of '83 completely effected its restoration, though without damaging the popularity of other fabrics. Faille is a very pretty material, delicate, light and harmonising perfectly with lace, the most popular of all trimmings.

Now is the time to bring our faille dresses whether shot, plain, or chequered, out of the presses where they have lain for years, and to utilize the light colored failles which were worn by our mothers or grandmothers, who stored up and preserved their dresses to an extent which no lady of the present day dreams of doing.

It is no matter if the edges of flounces or skirt be a little worn, as this silk is usually arranged in pinked out flounces which enables soiled hems to be cut away without withdrawing enough material to make another.

The old corsages have to be entirely put aside, they need too much alteration, but all skirts can be used again.

Over a skirt of faille, covered with pinked out flounces, the tunic and corsage or polonaise can be worn of black or white lace, of silk muslin, of batiste, voile or etamine, this last having a remarkably good effect, contrasting with the brilliant silk.

A pretty model has the flounced skirt of grenat silk, the tunic being of biscuit etamine, trimmed with an embroidered cashmere border, ten inches wide, placed about two inches above the hem of the etamine; red being the prevailing color of the embroidery.

The etamine corsage has a turned down collar, revers, and parements of embroidered cashmere, the waist being encircled with a grenat belt and buckle.

The tunic forms a long pleated tablier draped on the hips with bows of grenat ribbon.

If the faille is not sufficiently fresh to form the flounced skirt, it can be used for the foundation and the balayeuses, and be covered with lace flounces, for dressy reception or dinner dresses.

A skirt of shot pink and grenat silk is covered with two very wide lace flounces, edged with three balayeuses.

The polonaise is of white voile, the skirts nearly covering the lace on the left, but draped high on the right with a very large rosette of grenat satin satin, from which fall three lengths of grenat ribbon.

These ornament the lace flounces, where left exposed, in three lines terminating in loops and ends.

The effect is very pretty and stylish. The corsage part is cut square at the neck and has a taille plastron below, covered with very narrow lace flounces, which disappear beneath the first pleat of the diagonal tablier.

A wide belt of grenat satin fastens with a bow on the left, and a grenat bow ornaments each shoulder above the taille elbow sleeves which are covered with lace flounces.

Pink silk stokings, and grenat satin shoes complete this charming dinner toilette, especially suited for evening wear during country visits.

Lace still enters largely into the composition of dresses made of silken fabrics, the sleeves very frequently being entirely of lace.

A dinner toilette for a married lady has a plain skirt of rich moss-green faille edged with a very narrow fluted balayeuse.

The tunic is of broche, figured with a darker green, edged with a very wide white lace flounce; a band of moss-green velvet crosses the pleated tablier from the left hip to the drapery behind on the right at the height of the knee, and is secured at each end by a gold buckle: the lace of the back drapery nearly reaches the edge of the skirt.

Narrow box-pleated blouse paniers finish the corsage, which is of green faille, with a point in front and very long coat-tails behind.

The neck, open en cœur, is edged with a lace ruche, which continues in a jabot down the front.

The sleeves do not reach the elbow, and consist of a lace puff, gauged into the shoulder and into a wide green velvet band at the elbow, fastened with gold buckles.

Long white Suede gloves disappear beneath the velvet bands on the sleeves.

Black grenadine polonaises are immensely worn for evening dresses, especially those embroidered with black or colored chenille.

They are very accommodating, as the corsage can be open or closed at will, and a black or colored skirt, pale or dark, is equally suitable.

They can therefore be used for several purposes, with a short or trained skirt, and closed or open neck, and suffice for evening wear, for visiting, reception, and even for small dances.

A peculiarly tasteful autumnal toilette is of dark violet silk, the skirt trimmed with three pinked-out flounces. Above is a beautiful draped tunic of Corinth broche velvet gauze, the upper part of which forms a puffed Vertugadin panier, following the outline of the pointed corsage, the sleeves of which are very full at the shoulder, contrasting gracefully with the tight fit of the corsage.

Fireside Chat.

AIDS TO ECONOMY.

IT seems astonishing that so many shabby things are often seen in a house that might, with a little knowledge and energy, be made to look comparatively new, if people did not mind a certain amount of personal trouble and fatigue.

For instance, those portions of a staircase between the edge of the carpet and the balustrade, if they have been painted, are often seen in a very worn and dingy condition.

A few hours' work, and the employment of the paint sold in tins, which quickly dries, and which requires no varnish, would quite change the appearance of the stairs.

It is not necessary to take up the stair carpets, if the painting is very carefully done, with a moderately fine brush, and in a day and a night the paint will very likely be quite dry.

Nursery and servants' washstands can, for a trifle, be painted over with light stone-colored paint, and be made to look as nice as if a good sum had been charged for the work by a painter.

The ebony paint, sold in tins, answers admirably for re-coloring wicker-work chairs that have previously been painted black; and the same paint is equally useful for furniture producing a very good effect.

The black leather tops of writing tables, if worn white in places, can be blackened by rubbing in a little raw linseed oil, and then applying the polishing brush used for boots.

Care must be taken to rub in the oil until it is thoroughly dry, and does not come off on the fingers, and also to take the same precaution with the polishing brush. This plan will not be successful without the top is real leather, instead of the spurious imitation so often sold for it on furniture.

The seats of the dining-room chairs, if covered with real morocco leather, can be rubbed over with oil, with most beneficial results, if looking worn and white.

Little points like these being attended to, all help to produce an effect of brightness and cleanliness, which cannot fail to be agreeable to the eye, and the good result being rapid, it is sure to please the operator.

For small home repairs, plaster of Paris will be found a most useful substance, and easily manipulated.

If the marble back or side of a washstand become loose, a small quantity of plaster of Paris, mixed with water into a thick paste, and put on immediately it is mixed, before it has time to set, mends them securely.

The best thing for scraping off the portion that oozes out on to the surface is a palette knife.

It must be scraped over immediately that the edges are fastened together, before the stuff becomes hard.

If the glass receiver of a paraffin lamp becomes unset from the brass, which so often happens, owing to the penetrating and softening properties of the oil, it can be easily refixed at home, by means of a dab of plaster of Paris quickly and neatly applied.

Economy in trifles truly becomes more and more a daily necessity. It is an inexhaustible subject, and one on which there is always something new to learn. In many apparently well-to-do families shillings and pence are of considerable importance, and everything must be of value to them which results in a saving of money, however, small.

People who cannot afford to have foliage plants about their houses are apt to think the cheering aspect of a little greenery beyond their means; but that is really not so.

Get some sprays from your country friends of variegated laurel, holly, arbor vitæ, box, laurestinus, etc., arrange these nicely, tying them loosely together, getting the taller pieces in the centre, and then place the bunch in an empty salt jar, which should be placed in one of the common blue and gray cache-pots, which are very cheap to buy.

By changing the water, and dipping the sprays every few days bodily in a pail of water, these pieces will be found to last a long time fresh, and some sprigs of variegated laurel, stuck in the earth of the pots, containing a plant of the same kind, which is not looking so robust as it should, improve its appearance.

This kind of arrangement at the foot of the stairs, in a staircase window, or in various niches, answers very well, takes the place of expensive plants, and is within the reach of almost anyone.

Wheat growing in water in little upright blue spill vases makes a pretty green ornament on a mantel piece, or on brackets. Empty tamarind jars of red ware can be made decorative objects and useful for flowers by painting the surface in oil colors with a wreath round of pink and white may, or any other small flower that may be thought suitable.

No house looks like a home without some sort of greenery about, and it is well to know what plants are the most enduring, and succeed best in the struggle to live in a town room.

Of all inexpensive ferns, the best adapted to the centre of a table is the Lomaria. The secret of preserving it in good condition is to set it in a pail of water in the hall every night after dinner, which affords a little change of air.

It will not stand being put out-of-doors. Take it out of the pail in the morning, and replace in its cache-pot on the table, which should contain no water, and it will retain a nice appearance for several months, continually throwing up fresh fronds. If a plant of spirea is treated in the same way the leaves will not be found to curl up and turn brown for a month at least; only, as it always grows bushy and large, the pot should be set in a pan instead of a pail, with the water a good way over the top of the earth for the night.

Correspondence.

R., (Camden, N. J.)— We do not know.

JEWEL, (Phila., Pa.)—I. No. 2. Very good.

L. E. C., (Hardin, Ky.)—True economy in housekeeping consists in doing the best possible good with a small allowance, in keeping a reasonable table, and making a happy home.

JOHN, (Cook, Ill.)—You forget that, as a married man, you have a different standing in society from the one which you previously held as a bachelor. The happiness of another depends upon you now.

RONESS, (De Kalk, Ind.)—If, in travelling, you are addressed in a courteous manner, either by a lady or gentleman, let your behavior be dignified and polite; but remember that the acquaintance ceases with the occasion which gave rise to it.

SABINA, (Coffee, Tenn.)—You are wrong; the words are Shenstone's, and the lines are—

"For he ne'er would be true, she averred,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue."

CHARLES E., (Waverly, Mich.)— The Pleiades are so close a group of stars, that it is difficult to say how many are seen by the naked eye. Six seems to be the number generally visible, and there is a supposition that some one star once visible has now changed its magnitude, or disappeared altogether.

LOVEL, (Susquehanna, Pa.)—The expression "among the gods," arose from the fact that the ceiling of Drury Lane Theatre, London, was formerly painted in "imitation" of a blue sky and floating clouds, among which great numbers of Cupids were disporting themselves. As the ceiling extended over the gallery, its occupants were said to be "among the gods."

C. DOUGLAS, (Marian, Fla.)—Tartuffe is the chief character and title of a comedy by Moliere. Tartuffe is a religious hypocrite and impostor, who uses religion as the means of gaining money, covering deceit, and promoting self-indulgence. He is taken up by one Oregon, a man of property, who promises him his daughter in marriage, but his true character being exposed, he is not only turned out of the house, but is lodged in jail for felony.

P. D. C., (Greeley, Neb.)—The popular notion that the insects know as earwigs are so named from their propensity to creep into the human ear is an error. In old Saxon the word ear meant an undeveloped flower-bud, particularly of corn, and wic meant a hiding-place or dwelling. The favorite hiding-place of the insect referred to is closely-shielded bud-ears of plants, hence the name earwic, which was originally so written, but has since been corrupted into earwig.

MUSICIAN, (Schoharie, N. Y.)—Damp is very injurious to a pianoforte; it ought therefore to be placed in a dry place and not exposed to draughts. Do not allow pins and needles or bread to be placed on it, especially if the key-board is exposed, as such articles are apt to get inside, and produce a jarring or whizzing sound. Have your piano tuned about every two months; whether it is used or not, the strain is always upon it, and if it is not kept up to pitch it will not stand in tune when required, which it will do if attended to regularly.

M. P., (Kent, R. I.)—"Seeing the lion" is a common phrase for seeing the most interesting and remarkable sights of any place. The origin: About forty years since there was a menagerie in the Tower of London, in which lions were kept. During those times of comparative simplicity, when a stranger visited the metropolis for the first time, it was usual to take him to the Tower and show him the lions as one of the chief sights. Thus, by analogy, the most remarkable objects of a place are called "the lions," and the act of visiting them is termed "seeing the lions," "lionizing."

R. O. S., (Pike, Miss.)—The malady alluded to is one of exceeding gravity. In fact, it is commonly held to be incurable. It is called tabes, with locomotor ataxia as a symptom. Inability to stand or walk with the eyes shut or in the dark is one consequence. Seek the advice of some physician who has made nervous affections his special study. In the first instance however, you might see one of the many men of ability who practice in the important town near you, and be advised by him as to whether you have the disease, and, if so, whether it is worth while to place yourself under special treatment. In any case relieve your mind by applying at once to some competent and qualified practitioner. He will have no difficulty in determining the nature of the case, and perhaps be able to remove anxiety.

LIZZIE, (Union, N. Y.)—It will be a lesson to you in the future to keep you appointments, especially with young men, when you make them. There is nothing provokes a young gentleman so much as to have a lady who has given him to understand that she cares for him, not to keep a tryst she has made. In fact, it is the greatest affront she could offer him. Unless a young lady can satisfy a gentleman that he could not reasonably have expected her to keep the appointment because of circumstances that had risen over which she could not foresee and was unable to control, it is equivalent to telling him that she has only been trifling with his feelings, and that she never really cared for him. If you have a good excuse for breaking your appointment, write and tell what it was and make an apology. If that does not make any change in his treatment of you, you must leave him severely alone, and try and get another sweetheart.

MICHAEL, (New Castle, Del.)—We do not adopt any special interpretation of prophecy. As many think in one way as in another on this subject. Religion is not an affair of speculation or interpretation. Leave all that to the schoolmen to squabble about, and simply try to live an honest, personally industrious, and actively useful life. You have no proper concern with religion as a speculative intellectual puzzle, in which light you appear chiefly to regard it. We do not believe the passages you quote have any such meaning as you attach to them; but whether they have or have not is nothing to you or to us. The craze about prophecy and its fulfilment is a rare silly and particularly mind-worrying one. Have nothing further to do with it. Judging from your letter, we should say you are doing yourself, and perhaps others connected with you, a vast amount of injury by dabbling in these matters and wasting precious time and strength which ought to be devoted to social duties and work in the world.